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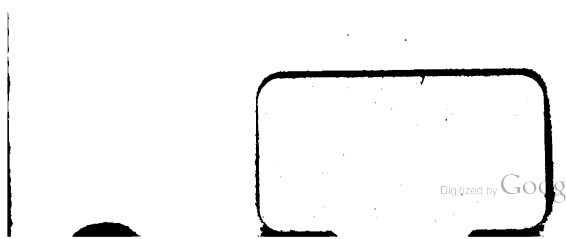

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THE

M'GREGOR FAMILY.

BY A METHODIST PREACHER.

"Get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding."

REVISED BY THE EDITOR,
D. P. KIDDER.

PUBLIC

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PREFACE.

CHILDREN'S minds have been compared to bottles with narrow necks, which require filling by slow degrees. The comparison is not more quaint than true. A child must be taught a little at a time; and as the device of a tunnel is necessary to fill the bottle, so the help of stories, parables, allegories, and the like, must be sought to teach that little. A child has no taste for dry didactic essays; they serve only to disgust and weary him with books and learning, to drive him to the play-ground, and to doom him to suffer the fate of being a dunce for

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life. Having strong faith in these truths, I have written a book in their light. I have tried to teach important ideas under the garb of a pleasing story; and though in the drapery of my tale I may sometimes have trodden within the fairy domains of fiction, yet in its substance I have kept beneath the shadows of the temple of truth, believing that "Truth is stranger than fiction." Should the children of our societies be led further into the paths of virtue and knowledge by my labor, I shall be satisfied, and, what is still better, God will be glorified.

THE AUTHOR.

West-Bloomfield, New-Jersey, 1844.

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THE

M'GREGOR FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

As the sun was setting at the close of a summer's day, a lady, with a little boy trotting gayly along by her side, was seen crossing a field toward a modest cottage which stood in the suburb of a neat New-England village. The departing sun shed a soft, mellow lustre over the sky, and tinted the clouds with many a golden hue. The child, happening to look up, was so struck with the peculiar beauty of the sight, that he stopped to gaze and

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wonder at the surpassing loveliness he beheld.

"Do you love to look at those beautiful clouds, William?" inquired his mother.

"Yes, mamma," he replied, in a voice which betokened deep feeling. Then, after a moment's pause, he added, "Is God beautiful, mamma?"

"Yes, William, God is more beautiful than the clouds, and his throne is far beyond them!"

My young reader must not be disappointed because I am not going to say any more about little William and his mamma, for I have only introduced them to have the opportunity of inquiring whether you have ever thought of the beauty of the Lord. If not, let me invite you to look by day on the glorious sun, riding on his canopy of

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clouds on the green turf, covered with myriads of many-colored flowers, and bearing the lofty forest tree, with its rustling leaves, which He has spread over the earth. At night you should gaze at the silvery moon, with its soft gray light, at the golden stars, and fleecy clouds of every hue; and I am sure you will *feel*, as you look on these, the wonders of nature, that if His works are so beauteous He himself must be beautiful indeed.

If this is your opinion, you think just as another lady and her children thought, of whom you will read in this little book. This lady's name was Mrs. M'Gregor. Her children, four in number, were named Ellen, Martha, Robert, and John. They lived a few miles from the city of New-York, in a cottage by the mountain side; and

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it was when she walked to the summit of the mountain, and pointed out the beauties of the vast and varied landscape before them, that she led them to believe that God was the perfection of beauty.

Nature did indeed exhibit much of her loveliness to this happy family as they stood in the shadow of a strip of woods which lined the mountain ridge. Suppose we listen to her description of the scenery, as they stand looking at the prospect. "Tell us, mother, if you please," asked John, "what place that is just before us, a little to the right? Really those house tops look pretty, peeping up through the green trees."

"That is the village of West Bloomfield," replied Mrs. M'Gregor; "while the steeple you see just beyond it is

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part of the Presbyterian church in East Bloomfield. (See Frontispiece.) You know we passed through both of these villages when we went to Newark the other day."

"Yes, I remember," said little Martha; "and you know, mamma, we passed the pretty little Methodist church on the road between the two villages. But what is that place further to the right, mamma? That church steeple looks as if it were built alone in the forest."

"That is Orange, a very pretty village, which we will shortly visit. Now, my children, look abroad on this wide picture! That collection of buildings, stretching far back from the water, is the handsome city of Newark. The water, beyond, is Newark Bay, with the dingy-looking

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hills of Staten Island in its rear. Let your eyes follow the range of those hills to the left, and you will see an opening in the land, with the sparkling sea beyond. That is the ocean! Further still to the left you may see part of Long Island; the city of New-York; and then, as you trace the circle round, you perceive the hills that shut in the waters of the winding Passaic, until you again view the mountain on which we are standing."

"O it is a delightful prospect, mamma!" exclaimed Ellen; "how green the fields and woods! See, too, how beautiful are those fields of grain, waving in the wind! Something seems to speak to my mind as I look on this rich scene, and to ask if God is not good to furnish us so abundantly with the fruits of the earth!"

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"A happy thought, Ellen. God *is* good. You can see his beneficence all around you. Those fields, orchards, and gardens, are all groaning with his gifts to his poor, needy creature, man."

"Mamma, will you please to tell me the meaning of beneficence? I don't understand it exactly; and, you know, you often tell us of the great philosopher who said he became wise by never being ashamed to confess his ignorance."

"Yes, master Robert, I will explain it with pleasure. It means active goodness; or that love for man which shows itself by bestowing favors upon him. Hence we call Jehovah beneficent, because he delights in giving good things to his creatures."

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"Can any one be beneficent besides God?" inquired Martha.

"O yes, my child; any one who delights in doing good to another is beneficent."

"Then, mamma, Martha was beneficent when she gave the poor beggar woman the money she had saved to buy a new doll," cried young Robert.

"Yes, that was one act of beneficence, my son; but it is necessary for us to be habitually kind to others, as far as we have the means, in order to gain a beneficent character. You know a person may do a beneficent act, and yet not be beneficent in character."

"Yes, mamma," observed Ellen, "the minister explained that, one sabbath, by telling of an old miser who was so wrought upon by an eloquent

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speaker, that he gave five dollars in a missionary collection, but continued his miserly conduct afterward."

"Now, children, I have something to propose which I hope will give you pleasure. It is my wish that you should search among your histories this afternoon, and to-night come into the parlor prepared to relate an instance of beneficence in some particular individual."

This proposal met with general consent, and the party returned to the house. Robert and Martha then took their mother's hand, while John and Ellen gathered specimens from the hedgerows for their herbarium. In this way they slowly returned to the house.

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CHAPTER II.

THE afternoon was busily occupied in searching their respective books, and in examining the fine library of their father, that they might be ready to act their part in the evening.

The evening witnessed them all gathered in their quiet parlor. Ellen, being the eldest, related her example first. It was about

ASCASES, BISHOP OF AMIDA.

"The province of Azazene was once overrun by Roman soldiers, and seven thousand Persians fell as prisoners into the hands of the conquerors. These were carried to the city of Amida, where they were left to suffer for the want of proper food. The

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bishop of that city, Ascases, hearing of their pitiful condition, assembled his clergy, and persuaded them to exert themselves for the relief of the Persians. To do this efficiently, it was found needful to dispose of the gold and silver vessels used in their churches, the bishop overcoming their reluctance to part with them by saying that God would be better pleased with the relief of these poor sufferers, than with being served in the churches with gold and silver vessels. The vessels were sold, and the good bishop contrived to keep the prisoners from want until they were sent back to their country at the close of the war. This exhibited great beneficence of heart in the bishop; and it so pleased Veranes, king of Persia, that he sent for the bishop, treated him with great

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honor, and did the Christians in his dominions many favors."

"Very well told, Miss Ellen, and a very good illustration; though you cannot but notice that the good bishop lived when the Christian religion began to be corrupted, or there would not have been so many vessels of gold and silver in his churches. Now, Master John, what is your example."

"Mine, mamma, is the story of

PISISTRATUS THE ATHENIAN.

"This rich heathen possessed a disposition rarely found among those of his religion. He was so desirous of benefiting others that he constantly kept a servant near him, with a bag of silver coin. When he found a sick or insolvent man, he gave him as much as he needed for his relief; where a

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man died, and the survivors were too poor to bury their departed friend, he gave them the means; and if he saw a man with a melancholy countenance, he inquired the cause—if it was want he immediately furnished him with the means of supporting himself by honest industry. In a word, Pisistratus set an example which many rich professors of the Christian religion might emulate. He lived to promote the happiness of his fellow-creatures; and though a heathen, if we may credit the historian, he deserves to be classed among beneficent men."

The children were quite pleased with the story about Pisistratus; but were delighted still more by Master Robert, who now related an incident in the life of Alfred, king of England, which he called

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THE POOR KING AND THE POOR BEGGAR.

"A great many years ago, when England was a very feeble country, the Danes landed upon its shores, sword in hand, killing the people, and robbing the land of all its fruits and wealth. For a long time the English, under the command of their noble king, Alfred, resisted the progress of these savage invaders; but after much hard fighting, they grew weary of resisting so powerful a foe, and, forsaking their king, they submitted to their conquerors.

"When Alfred found himself forsaken by his subjects, he secreted himself in a small fort, at a place called Ethelingay, or the Isle of Nobles, in Somersetshire. While in this dreary abode, for it was situated in

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the midst of a vast morass or swamp, he and his companions were once very much in want of food. Only one loaf was left; and his men sallied out into the country in search of something to subsist upon.

"While they were gone a poor beggar man approached the fort. The wife of Alfred opened the gate, and the beggar, in a piteous tone, asked for something to eat. The queen inquired of Alfred for an answer to the poor wretch, at the same time reminding him of the fact that there was only one loaf in the fort.

"The good monarch, who was busily employed in his study, looked up kindly to his wife, and with a smile told her to divide that one loaf with the beggar. It was done; and God rewarded the act by directing the steps

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of the foraging party to a spot where they obtained so abundant a supply that the royal refugees were never so reduced again during their abode in the swamp."

This account of Alfred was received with applause by the children; and they agreed in the opinion that his beneficence in that act exceeded both Pisistratus and Ascases, because they gave only what they could without exposing themselves to personal suffering, while Alfred gave away his bread at a time when he was very likely to suffer for want.

"Now then," observed Mrs. M'Gregor, "let us hear what dear little Martha has to tell us about beneficence."

Martha smiled, and then held down her head, while she replied that she

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could not tell a great story about kings and rich men, because she was not old enough to read histories. But on being told by her kind mother that a story about little children would do, she proceeded, with many blushes on her bright cheeks, to relate a story about

THE LITTLE BOY'S ROCK.

"There was once a little English boy at a meeting where the minister was asking the people to give money to build a new chapel. In his efforts to make the people give, he told them he hoped they would all own a brick or a stone in the new house.

"Now the little boy loved the cause of religion, but he had no money to give; so when he heard the minister ask the people to put a brick or stone

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into the church, he felt very glad, because he thought he might be able to do something in that way.

"The next day this little boy searched all round for a suitable stone; and having found one, with a great deal of labor and lifting he succeeded in rolling it to the spot where they were building. 'Here,' said he to the master builder, 'is my stone; for I want, as the preacher told us yesterday, to have a stone in the new chapel.'"

Mrs. M'Gregor patted Martha's head, and gave her a kiss, because she had told so good a story; and after remarking that as there is nothing so lovely as beneficence, so there is nothing more hateful than a selfish, miserly disposition, she told them it was quite time to retire to rest.

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She then knelt down in their midst, and prayed the Father of all goodness to make her children kind, pious, and good. After which, with happy hearts, the children retired to their beds. There we will leave them to enjoy the quiet sleep of innocence, until we resume our story in another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was a finely-cultivated garden attached to the residence of the M'Gregors. It was filled with rare flowers and choice fruit; for Mr. M'Gregor spared neither money nor labor to make it attractive and beautiful. He did this partly for his own gratification, but chiefly that he might throw a charm around the home of

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his children which should bind their hearts to the scene of their childhood, and prevent that love of wandering from the parental roof which is but too common with young people, especially with boys.

Among the rules of this pleasant family was one which prohibited any one from taking fruit without the consent of either Mr. or Mrs. M'Gregor. This was a very wise rule: it was not adopted because these parents were stingy; but because children, when left to themselves, are very much in the habit of eating unripe or rotten fruit, or even too much of what is wholesome in proper quantities. So well governed were our little friends, that this rule was scarcely ever broken.

One morning, while the elder chil-

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dren were pursuing their studies, Martha and her mother were taking a walk in the garden. They came to a tree laden with large, ripe gages. Little Martha gazed first at the tempting plums, then at her mother, without saying a word, for some moments.

At last, looking at her mother with a most bewitching look, she said, "O mamma, what nice plums! How large and ripe they do look!"

"Yes, Martha, they are nice plums; and as they are ripe, I will give you a few, if you will promise to throw away the skins and stones."

"That I will, ma. I always do that since you told me they were hurtful." And Martha danced round the tree for joy to think that she was to have some of those beautiful plums.

Mrs. M'Gregor having gathered

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some plums, placed a few of the finest in Miss Martha's apron, and told her to share them with her brothers and sisters.

Upon this the little girl very carefully gathered up the folds of her apron, and ran gayly along the path toward the house, singing as she went a verse of her favorite song. The air rang with her merry voice singing,

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
Her lamb was sure to go."

When Martha reached the house a new thought crept into her head: it was a wicked one, which she ought to have driven out again; but she indulged it, and it led her into evil; just as bad thoughts always will, if they are not crushed at once.

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The thought which stole into the little girl's head, told her that her brothers and sisters did not know how many plums she had, and therefore she might eat the most and best herself, only keeping for them enough to screen herself from the charge of disobeying her mother.

This was a selfish thought. Martha knew it was wicked too; for when she turned aside into a little arbor, near the garden gate, to eat the fruit, she looked timidly down the path for her mother, and then slipped in as if she were afraid of her own shadow. Had she not felt guilty, she would not have acted thus; for children are never afraid of those they love when engaged in doing what is innocent.

She sat down on the grassy floor, opened her apron, and began to count

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her plums. She found eight large gages; which, divided among all the children, as her mother instructed her, would give two to each. But Martha slipped one of the finest into her mouth, and then another, and another, until there were only four left.

"There," said she to herself, as she rose to go, "I will take in these four, and nobody will know that mother gave me any more." Foolish Martha! She forgot that the all-seeing God knew all about it.

A moment afterward she ran into the study, and cried out, "Here are some nice plums mamma gave me: come and have some." With this remark, she placed three on the table, and began to eat the fourth herself.

"These *are* nice plums," remarked Ellen.

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"First-rate!" replied John. "I shall ask mamma for more of them after dinner."

"Are these all mamma gave you, Miss Martha?" asked Robert, as he threw his stone out of the window.

Martha was taken by surprise. She was hardly prepared for this question. Forced, as she thought, to answer, and fearing discovery, she added another and worse sin to the first. She told a vile untruth when she hastily replied, "Yes."

"O fie! fie! my child," exclaimed Mrs. M'Gregor, who had entered the apartment unnoticed by the children. "Can it be possible that my little daughter Martha will tell a lie?"

Poor Martha! There she stood, covered with the blushes of guilt and shame. She was not in the habit of

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telling lies. She had been overtaken by a sudden temptation—her sin was as suddenly discovered. The poor child was entirely overcome; and running to her mother, she fell upon her knees, sobbing, and saying, "O mamma, I have been very naughty: very naughty indeed. O will you forgive me. I will never tell a story again: indeed I won't, mamma." And she continued to weep as if her young heart were broken.

Her mother saw that her heart was really touched with sorrow for her fault, so she folded the little sinner to her bosom; and after showing her that her lie was a sin against God, said, "Come, children, let us kneel down, and ask the Lord to forgive our dear Martha her sins."

Then the pious mother knelt down

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in the midst of her children. Placing her hand on the offender's head, she prayed. It was a beautiful sight to see that mother thus engaged. No doubt it was pleasant to God, and that the petition was answered.

The mother now explained to her children the nature of Martha's offense; and told them how she had discovered it by overhearing the remark Martha made to herself as she left the summer-house. "See," said she, "how important it is to avoid the first temptation! If your sister had not yielded to her selfish heart, when it tempted her to eat more than her share of the plums, she would not have been tempted by her circumstances to lie. Sinning is like rolling a stone down hill; when it once gets at liberty, it is difficult to overtake or

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stop it; so it is almost impossible to avoid the second offense after you have committed the first. Always beware then, my children, of the first sin."

After imprinting a kiss of forgiveness on the still saddened cheek of the young offender, Mrs. M'Gregor told the children that she wished them to prepare themselves for a conversation on the evils of selfishness in the evening; and if they could find any incidents illustrating its effects, they were to do so. What they found, and how they talked upon this topic, the reader will learn if he consults the next chapter.

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CHAPTER IV.

In the evening our young friends hastened to meet their mother in the parlor, eager for the promised conversation on selfishness, and expecting to learn many interesting truths of their affectionate parent.

After seating themselves round the table, Mrs. M'Gregor introduced the subject by the question, "Can either of my children tell me the meaning of selfishness?"

A moment's pause followed. The children looked at each other, and then replied, almost in the same breath, "Self-love."

"You think then that selfishness and self-love are the same things, do you?" inquired the mother.

"Yes, mamma," was the reply,

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though accompanied with some marks of hesitancy and doubt.

"Do you consider selfishness a *wicked* thing?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Is it always wicked?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, is it always wicked to love yourselves?"

"No, mamma."

"How is this, my children? You have said that selfishness is self-love; but that selfishness is always wicked, while self-love is not always wicked. Here you see is a contradiction."

"Yes, mamma, you have fairly driven us into a corner," replied John; "we have made a mistake, and we hope, mamma, you will correct us."

"You can all now perceive, my dear children, that there is a difference

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between selfishness and self-love; because, as you have very properly said, the former is always wrong, while the latter is not."

"Will you please point out the difference, mamma?" asked Ellen.

"Selfishness is self-love without respect to the rights or wants of others, while self-love is simply that regard for our own safety and happiness which leads us to provide for our own wants and interests, yet not in that manner which would lead us to interfere with the interests and happiness of others."

"I think I understand the difference, mother," said Robert. "A selfish person will gratify his own desires without considering whether others are injured or not."

"Yes; and a person who properly

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loves himself, would not gratify himself at the expense of his duty either to God or man," added John.

"Very finely explained, my children," replied Mrs. M'Gregor; "and let me impress this truth upon your minds—nothing is really a benefit to *you* which is either displeasing to God or injurious to man. You will always find yourselves benefited most by doing right. I will now relate an instance of selfishness which may serve to show you its nature still more. My story is called

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

"In the olden time, when Henry the Eighth was king of England, there was a priest settled over the parish of Bray. The king of England quarreled with the pope of Rome, and

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resolved to make his people Protestants. Many of the people were tired of the spiritual mummeries of the Roman Catholics, and therefore rejoiced in the change. To the priests the king gave a choice, either to leave their churches, or become Protestants. Many professed to prefer the latter. Among them was the vicar of Bray.

"Some years afterward, Henry died. Mary, surnamed 'the bloody,' for her cruelty to the Protestants, became queen, and she required the priests to quit their livings or become Catholics. The vicar of Bray became a Catholic.

"In the reign of Elizabeth the change was once more made in the national religion, and the vicar of Bray became a Protestant again.

"For these repeated changes, he

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was charged with a want of principle. 'No,' he replied, 'I have not changed my principles at all. My principle through all these changes has been to live and die the vicar of Bray.'

"Here, my children, you see an example of selfishness in a wicked priest. He was determined to take care of his personal and present interests at any sacrifice of truth, right, or duty. Can anything be more hateful than such conduct?"

"I would be a martyr, mamma," said young Robert, indignantly, "before I would act so meanly as the vicar of Bray."

"May the God of martyrs give you strength, my child, if you should ever be placed in circumstances to try your young resolves."

"Ellen has a story, mamma, which

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shows what selfishness will sometimes do," observed John.

"Let her proceed then, while we give her all attention."

"My story," said Ellen, "is called

THE CONCEALED RING.

"Queen Elizabeth had a great favorite in her court, the earl of Essex. She one day gave him a ring, with a promise that if ever he fell under her censure, and would send her the ring, she would remember him with favor and kindness.

"It happened that the earl did lose the favor of the queen. He even took up arms and tried to promote a rebellion. He was detected, cast into the tower, and tried for high treason. His judges, finding him guilty, condemned him to death.

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"In this sad extremity, he thought of the queen's ring, and gave it to the countess of Nottingham, to forward to his sovereign, with a request for her pardon.

"The countess did not like the earl. It was a gratification to her to see him suffer. So she concealed the ring; and the queen, supposing he was haughty and obstinate, signed his death-warrant, and he was executed.

"This is an instance of selfishness, because the countess concealed the ring, and thus destroyed the earl, to gratify a personal feeling."

"A very good instance, Ellen, showing that there is nothing too bad for a really selfish person to do. But have you any other stories prepared?"

"Yes, mamma, I have one," replied John; "it is called

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THE COVETED GARDEN.

"Very many years ago, a pious, venerable man owned a beautiful garden, which he had inherited from his ancestors. For many generations it had passed from father to son; and he resolved to keep it both for their sakes and his own.

"But the king of the land saw this garden, and desired to possess it for himself. He wished the owner to sell or exchange it; but the owner respectfully told the king that he did not wish to do either, because the garden had belonged to his forefathers.

"Upon this the king set his heart more and more on the garden. He told his wife of his desire, and she at once formed a plan to obtain it.

"She caused the owner to be ex-

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alted on a public feast day in his native city. In the midst of his honors she sent wicked men to appear and accuse him of great crimes. The people were made indignant, and the poor innocent man was immediately put to death.

"Then the king took possession of the dead man's garden. He did not care for the crime which had placed it in his hands. He had gratified his desire, and his selfish heart had not a pang to spare for the man who was murdered to gratify his wishes."

"That is the true nature of selfishness, my children. Whoever suffers, it will be gratified. You know, Napoleon Buonaparte did not scruple to destroy thousands of lives in his wars, to gratify his own ambitious heart.

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Children show the same feeling. They will keep what belongs to others, tell falsehoods, cause others to suffer, and offend God merely to satisfy their own selfish wishes. This disposition is very hateful to God. He is all benevolence, and only loves those who try to love others as they love themselves."

"Mamma!" said Martha, who until now had not gained courage enough to speak: "John's story was taken from the Bible!"

"I know it, my child; and John showed both wisdom and good taste in going to the Bible for a story. There are many illustrations of selfishness there; such as Cain, Esau, Balaam, Saul, Gehazi, Judas, and many others. But it is now time for you to look over your lessons for the

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morrow. At another time we will resume the subject."

CHAPTER V.

"PA, we are invited to a pic-nic to-day, in company with Mr. Wilkinson's family. Will you permit us to go?" said John to his father at the breakfast-table.

"Where do they propose to go, John?" replied Mr. M'Gregor.

"They are going to Paterson first, to look at the falls. Then they will go somewhere in that neighborhood to eat what they call a family dinner in the woods."

"Do Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson intend to accompany the children?"

"No, sir; as it is a children's party, Mrs. Wilkinson only is going. But

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their man John will go to drive the horses."

"Well, children, if your mother consents, I have no objection."

"Mother has consented!" exclaimed the children joyfully; "and we shall go."

"But, my children," remarked Mr. M'Gregor, "I hope you will not disgrace yourselves by any evil act or temper to-day; for, although your parents will not be witnesses of your actions, yet the eye of the Eternal will be upon you."

Elated with hope, the young party set out on their excursion, except little Martha, who was considered too young to endure the fatigue.

The children had scarcely left the house before Martha, who sat looking rather seriously out at the window,

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cried out, "O, mamma, here is a carriage coming up the avenue, and the gentleman looks like uncle Joseph."

Mrs. M'Gregor moved toward the window, and after glancing at the approaching visitor for a moment, replied, "Yes, Martha, there is your uncle Joseph indeed. You will not feel sad because we thought it best for you to stay at home."

"O, I am so glad I did not go to the pic-nic! I am sure Ellen will be sorry when she knows uncle Joseph has been here." Then Martha ran out to the door, and stood waiting with sparkling eyes for the approach of her uncle.

When he reached the door, the little girl stretched out her hand to greet the visitor. The old gentleman took her up in his arms and gave her a

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hearty kiss; after which, Martha bounded into the parlor before him

like a fawn to tell her father and mother that uncle Joseph had really come.

She spent a very pleasant morning with her uncle, who told her several stories, and amused her in various ways. After dinner he proposed to return home. Before he went away he took from his carriage a small par-

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cel, which made Martha's heart beat, because she thought it must inclose something for her.

The parcel being opened, it was found to contain presents for each of the children. There were books and tops for the boys, and books and dolls for Ellen and Martha. Taking the dolls, which were done up in one piece of soft white paper, uncle Joseph gave them to Martha as he remarked, "Here, my child, are two dolls; keep one for yourself, the other you may give to your sister Ellen."

Martha replied, "Thank you, uncle," and, with a very grateful look, climbed upon his knee to give him a farewell kiss. In a few minutes more, she stood at the door to see his carriage leave the house.

She had been so busy wishing him

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good-by, that she had not yet opened the paper which contained the dolls. Laying it on the table, she untied the string, and moving fold after fold of the paper, she came at last to two wax dolls.

"O how pretty! such beautiful eyes! What nice hair, too! and such fine dress! O, I am so glad! How I do love uncle Joseph!"

Such were the exclamations of the child at her first view of the dolls. She was doomed, however, to feel sad and disappointed; for, on taking up the second doll, she discovered several injuries. Its nose was bruised, one of its ears was broken, and the frock badly soiled.

Poor Martha was much afflicted at this discovery. Her first thought was to keep the best one for herself, and

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give the broken one to Ellen. She sat down on the sofa to think what she ought to do. With her head bent toward the floor, the dolls still lying on the table, she remained in deep thought for several minutes. Her selfishness told her to give Ellen the worst; but the recent suffering she had undergone through indulging selfish feelings led her to pause before she resolved what to do.

The struggle was very severe in Martha's mind. To keep that bruised, broken doll, when she might so easily keep the other, was a sore trial. It brought tears into the little girl's eyes when she thought of it; but then the thought of Ellen's gratitude and her mother's approbation strengthened her better feelings. At last, smiling through her tears, she fell upon her

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knees, and said, "O Lord, help me to conquer my selfish heart! O Lord, help me to love Ellen as I love myself!"

This prayer enabled her to cheerfully resolve what to do. "I will keep the broken one myself. It will make Ellen so happy to have the best!" she exclaimed aloud as she folded up the best doll and took the other to her own drawer. The pain

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of temptation was now over, and no child ever felt happier than Martha did in making the sacrifice of the best doll for the sake of her sister.

In the evening, the elder children returned full of gladness to relate the pleasant adventures of the day. They had enjoyed a pleasant ride, had seen the beautiful falls of the Passaic, had enjoyed a repast in the woods, and had run about among the trees until they were fairly tired.

"You don't know who has been here!" said Martha, looking very archly at her brothers and sisters.

"Who? Who is it?" cried they together.

"Ah! I know," replied Martha, playfully.

"Do tell us, Martha," said Robert, in a coaxing tone.

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"Can't you guess?" answered she.

Ellen mentioned one friend, John another, and Robert a third; but neither thought of uncle Joseph: so Martha ran out of the room laughing, but presently returned, bearing the presents, which she distributed, as she said, "Uncle Joseph left this for you."

"O, uncle Joseph!" said Robert, "I wish I had been here to see him."

"But, Martha, where is your present?" asked Ellen.

"I have put it away in my drawer."

Mr. and Mrs. M'Gregor now entered the room. The children began to show their presents, and to indulge in their grateful remarks about uncle Joseph, when Mr. M'Gregor, turning to Martha, said, "Come, Martha, let me see what uncle Joseph brought for you!"

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Somewhat reluctantly the little girl obeyed. She brought in her doll, however, and gave it to her father, who, perceiving its bruised condition, said, "Has my little girl broken her doll so soon?"

"No, papa, I did not break it."

"Was it so when your uncle gave it to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did your uncle give you that doll himself?" inquired the mother, who had observed that they were in one parcel when given to her.

"No, mamma, he did not."

"Come, my child, explain this to your father," said Mr. M'Gregor, taking Martha upon his knee, and kissing her very affectionately.

"Uncle Joseph gave me both dolls, and told me to keep one and give

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Ellen one. I found one bad one, and thought it would be selfish to give that to Ellen; so I kept it myself, because you told me last night it was wicked to be selfish."

"Good, dear Martha, how I love you!" cried Ellen, as she ran and imprinted a warm kiss on her sister's cheek.

"You have acted nobly, my child," said her father; "I am very happy, and your mother is very happy to learn that you have gained a victory over the heart which led you astray the other day. I hope, my child, you will always encourage such noble feelings."

"Here, Martha," said Ellen, "I will give you my doll," as she placed it in Martha's lap.

"No, my daughter," replied Mr.

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M'Gregor, "keep your doll; Martha has her reward in the peace and joy she feels to-night. I will see that she is no loser by her self-denial."

Martha's heart was indeed full. She felt the pleasure which follows a right action. She had also gained the confidence and love of her parents again, and the reader may decide whether she was not far happier with these feelings and the broken doll, than she would have been had she indulged her selfish heart by keeping the best doll.

She had another proof also the next evening of the advantage of doing right, for her father brought her home a larger and better doll than the one presented her by her uncle Joseph.

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CHAPTER VI.

A FEW days after the events related in the last chapter, Mrs. M'Gregor was sitting in the parlor sewing, when John rushed in almost out of breath, shouting, "Where's my knife? where's my knife?"

Opening her drawer, his mother took out the knife and placed it in his hands. John, without stopping to say a word, ran out of the room as unceremoniously as he had entered it a few moments before.

Shortly after, the bell rang for supper. John came in and commenced eating in a very hasty manner. His mother, wondering what occupied his thoughts, said to him, "You appear to be much engaged, my son. This afternoon you bounded into the parlor

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like a wild boy, and now you eat as if you had not a moment to spare. Tell me, my son, what makes you so busy?"

John blushed deeply as he replied, "I am making a trap, mother."

"A trap, my son! What are you going to catch?"

"Birds, mamma," replied John, holding his head down as if conscious that his mother would be displeased with him.

"What birds, my child?"

"Partridges, mother. William Wilkinson says there are plenty of them in our wood lot, for he has caught several, and sold them at a shilling a-piece."

His mother looked affectionately at the boy as she exclaimed, "Can it be possible that my son is so cruel as

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to deprive the harmless birds of their lives for a few cents?"

"Why, mother, the other boys do it; and you know there is no harm in killing birds to eat. We eat meat or poultry every day, and the birds or animals have to be killed before we can eat them." As John made this answer, he put on a look of triumph, as if he thought his argument unanswerable.

In this, however, he was mistaken. His mother soon overturned his excuses by saying, "John, you do not want to catch the poor birds for food, but because you feel a pleasure in making them your victims, or, in other words, to gratify your love of destroying that which is weaker than yourself. As to what other boys do, that is no excuse, because some boys

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swear, steal, and lie, and would my dear boy therefore insist that it is not wrong for him to swear or lie?"

"O no, mother; that would be wicked, it's not like catching birds."

"But is it not wicked to be cruel? Here you propose to make a trap; the little bird perhaps will enter it. For hours it will flutter about, frightened almost to death. You will then increase its fright by handling it. At last the poor thing will either die or be killed. Now is not this cruelty? You have nothing to gain by it except the gratification of a cruel disposition."

John looked very seriously a few moments. Then he jumped up and ran out of the house into the barn, which had served him for a workshop. Very soon he came running back with the unfinished trap in his

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hand. "Here, mother," he cried, "I have brought in my trap to burn. I see it is wicked to be cruel; so I wont catch the birds, and I will burn the trap for fear I should be tempted to carry it up into the woods."

Then John placed the broken trap on the fire, and you may be sure that he felt more real pleasure as he saw its bright blaze going up the chimney than he would have felt had he set it in the woods, and caught a dozen partridges. That pleasure was greatly increased too, when his mother, standing over him, imprinted a sweet kiss upon his forehead, exclaiming, "Noble boy, I love you more than ever before. You have gained a great victory. I hope the grace of Him who said, Suffer little children to come unto me, will enable you to overcome

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every other evil disposition which yet dwells in your young heart."

This little affair had hardly ended before the other children entered the room to know if their mamma was at leisure to talk with them. She having assured them of her willingness, they were soon all seated round the parlor table as usual, their eyes bright with joy, and their countenances animated with pleasant excitement.

"I have been thinking, mamma," said Ellen, "since our last conversation on selfishness, about the case of Esau. You mentioned his name as an instance of selfishness. I cannot see in what respect he was selfish; for he appears to me as a generous sort of man, who was willing to part even with his birthright for a mess of pottage."

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"It was in that very fact his selfishness appears. You know he felt very much fatigued and very hungry after a hunting excursion. He asked his brother for some pottage. Jacob demanded his birthright as the price. To gratify a present want, he deliberately sacrificed what he ought as a matter of duty to have prized. Here you see he gratified a selfish, sensual feeling at the expense of a great privilege."

"But was not his brother Jacob equally selfish in demanding such a price for his pottage?" inquired John.

"Yes, perhaps he was the more selfish of the two. Indeed, there are few men who ever have lived but have felt the effect of selfish feelings. Many, who seem scarcely aware of the fact, are guilty; they are guilty

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of it even in acts which both they and the world call benevolent."

"Do oblige us by an instance of such selfishness. It seems strange to me how any can be so blind as to make such a mistake," said Ellen.

"I will do so. There was a lady sitting, one rainy day in winter, near the window of a parlor well warmed by a cheerful fire from the grate. The floor was warm with soft Brussels carpets, the double windows kept out the cold winds, and the listed doors prevented even a draught from intruding to mar her comfort. A woman, clothed with exceeding neatness, passed the window and stopped at the door. Modestly ringing the bell, she waited for the opening of the door by the servant, through whom she sent a message to Mrs. Andrews, the lady, stating

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that she was very poor, and would be glad if Mrs. Andrews could give her some old clothes for her children.

"The servant entered the parlor, and delivered the message. The lady heard her through, and then carelessly replied, 'I have nothing to give. Tell her we are infested with beggars, and she must go and work for her living like an honest woman.'

"The poor woman retired, stung to the soul by this retort; for she was really a deserving creature, though driven to great straits by her poverty.

"Not long after this woman had left, another came to the house very much exposed to the weather. She had no bonnet, no shoes or stockings, and no frock. She was outwardly a picture of distress. The lady saw her and exclaimed, 'O dear! what a

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poor wretch!' She then rang the bell. 'Mary,' said she, 'take that poor creature one of my old frocks and a pair of shoes, and tell her to go away from the house directly.' Mary obeyed, and the woman went away rejoicing in her success, for *she* was an impostor, a beggar by profession."

"But the lady did not know that, did she, mamma?" inquired Martha.

"No, neither did she care. She did not give because she felt true benevolence, but because she was a selfish woman. The wretched appearance of the beggar woman gave her pain, and, to relieve her own feelings, she gave her a small gift. There is a great deal of similar conduct misnamed benevolence in the world. Most likely thousands of dollars, collected for benevolent purposes, are the offspring

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of selfish feeling. One man gives to see his name published to the world as a liberal Christian, while his soul is as sordid as that of Ananias or Sapphira. Another gives because he will not be outdone by his neighbor; and a third because he does not like to be thought mean. All such gifts are selfish acts, and as such they will have to be accounted for to the Judge of the earth."

"I think I understand a little of the prophet's meaning, who said that the heart of man is deceitful above all things," remarked John.

"Yes, my child, that is a great truth—a truth but too little comprehended, and too little studied."

"You said, mother," remarked Robert, "that Ananaias and Sapphira were sordid and selfish. I thought

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they were benevolent, for it says in the Bible that they sold their possessions and laid the price at the apostles' feet."

"They were of that class whose selfishness leads them to appear as good as any one else. Hence, when they saw the Christians of Jerusalem selling their property to give to the infant cause of Christ, they knew that they must either do the same, or be suspected of a want of love for the cause. They did not want to do it, because they loved money. They also loved a fair reputation. So they sold their property, and offered a *part* of the avails to the church, pretending it was *all* they had. Here you see how selfishness produced two opposite effects. It led them to give part and to keep part. To give part, that

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they might be thought benevolent—to keep part because they loved money. Their conduct was peculiarly hateful, because it led them to hypocrisy and lying. God therefore punished them with a sudden death."

"I hope we shall never be selfish again," said John. "I'm sure I should despise myself if I thought I was very selfish."

"There is only one way to be rid of this temper of mind, my children: that is, by getting a new heart. The Holy Spirit will renew your natures by his power, if you sincerely believe in the blessed Redeemer."

With this remark, Mrs. M'Gregor left her children to attend to some other duties, with a promise to favor them with some stories about generous persons at some future oppor-

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tunity. If the reader would like to know what she said about generosity, he must consult the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

"My children," said Mr. M'Gregor, who had returned from a visit to New-York, "I have a melancholy fact to relate for your instruction this evening."

The children crowded around their father, gazing up in his face with affectionate earnestness, while they listened to the following tale of sorrow:—

"A little boy, belonging to one of the Methodist sabbath schools in New-York, was sent as usual by his mother to his school a few sabbaths ago. Whether the boy was weary of

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Sunday-school instruction, or whether he was enticed away by idle children, I cannot tell; he did not go. For several sabbaths he was guilty of the same fault. The last Sunday of his life he took a rod and line, and went down to one of the docks on the North River to fish.

"While there he was observed by a gentleman to be very busily occupied with his line. Having his attention directed another way, the gentleman forgot the boy, until, soon afterward, he missed him from the dock.

"Supposing that he might have fallen into the river, he instantly walked up to the edge of the wharf. The water, however, was unruffled; but there floated a rod and line. These he picked up, not knowing but that

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they would be the means of identifying the boy, if he were drowned.

"Two days after, a swollen body floated to the top of the water. It was picked up, and upon examination proved to be the corpse of the Sunday scholar, who was sent to school, but chose rather to spend the holy time in fishing.

"Thus you see how dangerous it is to yield to evil suggestions, to neglect plain duties. Had that boy obeyed his mother, kept the sabbath, and loved his Sunday school, he would have been alive to-day, and might have lived to ornament the church, and bless the world. As it is, he was suddenly cut off in his wickedness, as a sad warning to all disobedient children."

"Poor boy!" said Robert, "how I

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pity him for his untimely end! I hope I shall never be left to do as he did."

"Your mother will now lead your conversation, my children, as I have some matters which claim my time to-night," and Mr. M'Gregor rose and left the parlor.

"Yes, ma, you promised to tell us about generous persons to-night, you know," remarked little Martha.

"I did, Martha. Can any of you tell me the meaning of generosity?"

This question produced a pause. Each felt backward to answer. Ellen, however, broke the silence by saying, "I believe it means liberality or nobleness of mind."

"How then would you describe a generous person?"

"I should say he was one who delighted in noble actions; one who,

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without consulting his own interests exclusively, would rejoice to render services to others," replied John.

"How then do you suppose a generous person would treat an enemy?"

"With kindness," answered Robert.

"Can either of you mention an instance of such generosity?"

"Yes, mother," said John, "I have a story which will suit Robert's answer exactly. I shall call it the story of

THE HEBREW MAIDEN.

"A pretty, dark-eyed Jewess had wandered abroad to enjoy the cool breeze of evening in one of the lovely groves of Judea, when a band of rough horsemen drove up and rudely seized her as a captive. Without regarding her cries, they carried her

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away into Syria, where she became the slave of a great captain called Naaman.

"Here this little girl, though among her enemies, conferred a great favor on her proud master. He was a leper. She generously told him about the prophet Elisha, who was able, she said, to cure the leprosy, and her information led the Syrian captain to visit the prophet, and obtain a cure."

"That was generous, indeed," remarked Ellen, "for a selfish girl would have kept the prophet's power a secret."

"I have a story, mamma," said Ellen, "which, with your permission, I will relate."

Her mother smiled consent, and Ellen proceeded to relate the story of

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YANKO, THE NOBLE NEGRO.

"Not many years ago an English family, consisting of a gentleman, his wife, and two boys, were on board a ship, attended by an old family servant named Yanko. The vessel was becalmed, and the gentleman and lady prepared to visit some friends on board another ship which lay at no great distance from them.

"They placed their boys in charge of Yanko, begging him to watch them carefully until their return. Yanko promised obedience, and they descended the ship's side into the boat, and Yanko and the boys watched them as they glided swiftly across the water until they reached the other ship in safety.

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"Presently a sudden storm arose—so sudden, the boat could not return. The storm raged very furiously, and the ship containing the children was driven on a lee shore and wrecked. The crew got out the boats. All had left the sinking ship but Yanko and the boys. The last boat was already filled. 'You or the boys must stay behind,' shouted the master of the vessel; 'which shall it be?'

"'Take the boys and leave Yanko,' responded the noble negro. And he helped the children into the boat amidst their sobs and tears, for they could not bear to leave their faithful Yanko behind. But the boat pushed off, and a rude wave bore Yanko in its arms to the bottom."

"That was generous, indeed!" remarked John.

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"O, how I do love Yanko for that!" whispered Martha.

"And I'm sure the lady and gentleman must have felt very grateful and very sad too," said Robert. "They must have been glad to think of their servant's generosity in saving the lives of the little boys, and sad to think of his terrible death."

"Now let us hear Martha's story before we retire," said the mother. "I think I heard her say she had one. Am I correct, my child?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Martha, shrinking half under the table. A few words of encouragement, however, brought her up again, and she told them the story of

MARY'S PEACHES.

"A gentleman had a little girl

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named Mary. He was very fond of this little girl, and often made her presents of playthings and fruit. One day he brought home two large, rosy peaches for his little girl. She took them from her father, made a courtesy, kissed his cheek, and then ran out of doors.

"By and by she came in again, looking very happy. 'How did you like your peaches?' her father asked.

"'I did not taste them, father,' said little Mary.

"'Did not taste them! Then where are they, my daughter?'

"Mary looked very grave, and replied, 'I gave them away, pa.'

"'To whom did you give them, my daughter?'

"'I gave them to little James Edwards. You know, pa, he has been

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very sick with a fever for a good while, and I thought that he would like those peaches, and that they would do him more good than they would me. So I carried them over and laid them on his little bed, for he was asleep; and O wont he be glad when he wakes and finds those beautiful peaches!"

"May my little Martha ever be as generous as the Mary of her story," said Mrs. M'Gregor, as she printed a soft kiss on Martha's brow. She then kissed them all, and wished them a good night. Full of resolutions to be generous, the children then retired to bed to sleep the sleep of happy children.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Good purposes are of all human things the most uncertain. So strongly inclined to evil are the hearts of children, that they easily forget their best resolutions. They will promise to do right one hour, and the next they will go far astray in the paths of wickedness. This is a very sad truth, and ought to make good children very watchful over their hearts.

Perhaps if Martha M'Gregor had been watchful, she would not have been guilty of the fault now to be related. But she was thoughtless, and, although it was not long since she had erred in keeping the plums and telling an untruth about them, yet she fell into another snare. Martha should have been more watchful.

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Mrs. M'Gregor was very fond of flowers. She had a choice collection of geraniums standing on the piazza in front of her cottage. One day little Martha was playing all alone on the piazza, when a beautiful butterfly came flying along the lawn, and after floating about in the air, now up and then down, it at last lighted on the flower of a splendid plant.

Martha had watched the flight of this pretty insect for some minutes. Its colors had pleased her eye, and she very much wished to catch it. This was a foolish wish, because a butterfly could do her no good, while to confine it would rob it of happiness and destroy its life. But this little girl felt a strong desire to hold it in her hands. So as soon as she saw it on the geranium, she pulled off her

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hat, and very slowly and softly crept along the piazza toward the innocent object of her desires. Presently she was near enough to reach her prey. Then she dashed her bonnet down upon the plant, when lo! the butterfly flew away into the garden, but the top of the plant was broken off, and there it lay with its lovely blossom on the floor. Poor Martha! she was very much frightened.

The little girl hardly knew how to act in this calamity. At first she thought of going directly to her mother, and telling her how the accident happened. This was the right way; but she remembered that her mother prized that broken plant above all the rest in her collection. This thought made her afraid to tell her mother what she had done; and

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then she resolved to say nothing about it.

Here Martha was wrong. She ought to have remembered that God knew all about her misfortune, and, although she might conceal it from her mother by a little deceit, yet the Almighty God, who hates lies and deceit, will punish all such sins in the day of judgment. But Martha forgot to think of these things.

At dinner Mrs. M'Gregor inquired if any one knew how her favorite plant became broken. The children, and Martha among the rest, replied they did not know. But a tell-tale blush on Martha's cheek attracted her mother's eye, and, though she said nothing, yet her little girl shrunk from her gaze. The confidence of inno-

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cence was gone, and the poor child felt very unhappy.

That afternoon the children were invited by their indulgent father to take a ride with him to Orange. The sun shone beautifully, a sweet breeze cooled and perfumed the atmosphere, and altogether the ride was delightful. All enjoyed it but Martha, who looked pale and sad. "What," said Mr. M'Gregor on their way back, "what makes my little Martha so sad to-day?"

"Martha looks sick, papa," said Ellen.

"Come look up, Martha," said Robert, as he patted her on the cheek.

Nothing, however, could make her cheerful. She told them there was nothing the matter; and that being a falsehood, made her feel worse than

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she did before. She was enduring the agony of a guilty conscience. Her young heart contained the fires of remorse, and she endured far more suffering in her mind than she could have done in her body had her mother punished her with the utmost severity for breaking the plant.

It was customary for Martha to retire at night a little earlier than her sister Ellen. Her mother followed her that evening to her room. Seating herself in a chair, she took the trembling girl upon her knee, and speaking very kindly, said, "Martha, my child, tell me if you know anything about my broken geranium."

Martha made no answer. She had endured too much all day, and, burying her face in her mother's bosom,

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she sobbed as if her heart would break.

When the violence of her grief had in some degree subsided, Mrs. M'Gregor again asked, "Martha, do you know who broke my plant?"

"I did it, mamma! I did it, mamma!" and again her bosom heaved with a storm of sorrow.

With a voice of deep solemnity, her mother inquired, "How did you do it, my child?"

"Catching a butterfly!"

Mrs. M'Gregor now understood the whole matter. So soothing the agitated child, she said, "Why did you not come and tell me, Martha?"

"I was afraid, mamma."

"Why were you afraid?"

"Because I knew it was your favor-

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ite plant, and I thought you would be very angry."

"But, Martha, do you know that you have made your heavenly Father angry by your deceit and falsehood in pretending not to know who did it, when I inquired at the dinner table?"

"O, mother, I am a very wicked child. My heart is very bad; I am afraid you wont love me any more now!"

"Yes I will, Martha, if you are sorry. But you must not repeat these sins. You make God angry, and he will cast you out of his kingdom at last, if you do not repent, and be more careful in future."

Martha and her mother then knelt down, and Mrs. M'Gregor prayed that God would forgive the young offender. After which, she kissed her cheek, but

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told her that she must keep in her chamber all the next day as a punishment for her offense. She then left Martha to herself, and the little girl felt her mind greatly relieved by her confession and prayer.

CHAPTER IX.

THERE is nothing more hateful to God than a lying tongue. He has pronounced an awful doom upon its possessor. "All liars," he says, "shall have their portion in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Terrible sentence! Will any child dare to expose himself to its endurance?

But while a lie is hateful, truth is beautiful, very beautiful. God loves it; good men love it. A child who

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always tells the truth will be respected and loved by all, especially by his parents. Children do not know how much comfort it affords fathers and mothers to know that they never tell untruths. They feel as a poor heathen woman did, whose only son was killed in battle. When they told her of his death, she exclaimed aloud, after pausing a few moments as if in deep thought, "My poor, dear boy, he never told a lie!" That thought was all she had to comfort her under her loss. What child is willing to deprive his mother of such a consolation, should he die young?

With sentiments similar to these did Mrs. M'Gregor endeavor to fill the minds of her children. The offense of Martha afforded the occasion for making the subject of truth the topic

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for conversation in their pleasant evening family meeting. "Which of you," said she, "can tell me in what a lie consists?"

"In telling what is not true," replied John.

"Well, suppose I should think I saw Ellen pass my window at a particular hour of the day; I say to your father, Ellen is in the garden; but presently it appears that she was in the house at that hour. Now should I be guilty of telling a lie in that case, my children?"

"No, mamma, certainly not," replied John.

"But yet I should state what was not actually true about Ellen."

"Yes, mother," said Robert; "but you would think it was true, though you would be mistaken."

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"Then you see that a lie is something more than an untruth. It is willfully stating what you know to be false. In other words, it is telling an untruth, knowing it to be such, and with an intention to produce a wrong impression."

"Then, mother, an untruth is not always a lie, is it?"

"Not always; because, as in the case supposed just now, one may state what is not really true, but, owing to mistake, may not be guilty of any intention to deceive."

"May we not sometimes *act* as well as speak a lie, mamma?" inquired Ellen.

"Yes; there are many ways of lying besides speaking. Children at play often *act* a lie. I have seen boys at play with a ball. One of them

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has received a slight blow, and has immediately acted as if in great pain. He has thrown his body into contortions, and cried out, O dear! O dear! so piteously, that his playmates have gathered round him very much alarmed for fear he was seriously hurt. Presently I have seen him jump up and burst into a loud laugh at his companions because they were frightened. This boy might call such conduct by the name of a "*make believe*;" but God and good people will consider it a lie, because it contains a willful deception."

"That reminds me of William Wilkinson, mamma, who told me the other day that he often got out of studying his lessons by pretending to have a very bad headache. I don't think he knows it to be lying

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to make such pretences," remarked John.

"He may not know by what particular name to call such tricks; but he knows they are wrong. I fear, my son, if he does such things and rejoices in them, that he is not a fit companion for you."

"But is it never right to deceive, mamma," asked Ellen, "especially when by doing so we may avoid a great deal of mischief?"

"Will my daughter state such a case if she can?"

"Well, mamma, I do not mean to defend lying; but I read a case the other day which somewhat puzzled me. A gentleman was traveling once with a large sum of money in his coach. He was stopped by highwaymen. To save his money he told them

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he was a certain man upon whose head a large reward was offered. As he expected, so it turned out. The highwaymen took him to a police office, and demanded their reward, when, to their surprise, the gentleman made himself known to the officers, and the thieves were arrested. Now, by thus telling an untruth, he saved a large sum of money, and caused the arrest of some very bad and dangerous men. Was he wrong, mamma, for doing so?"

"Certainly he was, my child. He disobeyed God. God's laws forbid lying, without regard to the circumstances of the parties. That gentleman saved his money at a fearful sacrifice, even at the price of the divine favor."

"But, mamma, would you have had

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him lose his money, and let the highwaymen go on with their wicked and dangerous habits, when, by so simple an expedient, he could save the one and stop the progress of the others?" inquired Robert.

"You view the question on the wrong side, my child. You look at certain present benefits growing out of a lie; but forget that the lie, being an offense against God, brought with it his anger against the offender, and thereby endangered his final salvation. Now would it not be better to lose all the money in the world, and to suffer all the thieves in the world to go undetected, rather than to peril the interests of the soul in eternity?"

"Yes, mamma, I see that you are right," replied Ellen, "but I wish to

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propose another question, which perhaps you will call a silly one."

"Ask any question which strikes you, if its answer will throw any light upon your mind."

"Well, mamma, our man George often goes out to the pasture after old Kate. But as she is troublesome to catch, he carries an empty sieve with him, which he holds out as if it contained grain. Presently the old mare comes snuffing the air, and running toward him, when she finds herself a prisoner, with nothing but an empty sieve to reward her for surrendering her liberty. Now, this is certainly a deception practiced upon Kate, and I wish to know if you think George does right?"

Mrs. M'Gregor smiled, and all the children smiled too, at this curious

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question; but they looked eagerly toward Mrs. M'Gregor for her reply. "You are quite a casuist, Miss Ellen," said she, when their smiles had subsided, "and I hardly know how to give a direct answer. I am hardly prepared to say that George sins in deceiving the old mare, yet I think honest dealing even with brutes is best in the end; for Kate, being often deceived, will be more trouble than ever to catch."

"That's just what I heard George say the other day, mamma. He said he hardly knew how to catch the mare, for she would not come to him when he took the sieve, even if he put grain in it," remarked Robert.

"So you see that it *is* best to be honest and truthful even with beasts; while it *is always* our solemn duty to

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state and act the truth in our intercourse with our fellow-creatures."

"Your remarks about beasts remind me of a story I once heard about a slave and a lion. Perhaps, mamma, you will favor us by relating it," said John.

"I suppose you mean the story about Androcles and the lion?"

"Yes, mamma, that's it. I remember now—Androcles was the name of the slave."

"Androcles, tired and weary of being a slave, ran away from the palace of his master. He wandered about in desert places for a long time, fearing to go into cities lest he should be detected and sent back to his master.

"One day he saw a huge lion in his path. He expected now that his days were ended, and prepared him-

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self to meet his fate, for the lion was so near it was in vain to hope for safety by flight. To his great surprise, however, the lion did not fly at him, but came toward him with an imploring look, holding out one of his paws.

"Androcles timidly examined the paw, and found a large thorn fastened in it. This he carefully extracted, when the noble lion fawned at his feet, as if in gratitude for his kindness.

"After this, the lion brought him food every day to his cave; always placing the lamb or the goat, or whatever else he had caught, at the feet of Androcles, and when he had taken what he wished, consuming the remainder himself.

"But Androcles soon grew weary

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of living without human society, and he sought for the abodes of men. After some time, he was taken back to his master, and sentenced to fight with wild beasts in the amphitheatre.

"He was placed within the dreadful arena, with thousands of spectators looking on. Presently a door at one corner was opened, and in rushed a large, furious lion. With a terrible roar, he bounded toward poor Androcles, when suddenly, as if by the influence of magic, he lay fawning with the fondness of a lamb at his feet. It was the same lion which had fed him in the forest, and whose gratitude for the favor of the slave still remained."

"Noble beast!" exclaimed Ellen; "and, mamma," she continued, "if a beast is sensible to kindness, why not to deceit?"

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"Certainly, my child, they are; but if we should follow out this discussion about beasts, we should wander away from our subject too far. I supposed we were to have some stories to-night, illustrating the nobleness and beauty of truth, and the hatefulness of lying."

"I have one," said John.

"So have I," said Robert.

"And I have a short one, too, mamma," added Ellen.

"Then we must defer the subject until to-morrow evening, as it is now time for Martha to retire."

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CHAPTER X.

THE next evening our young friends came together at an early hour. Their mother being engaged, was not with them for the first half hour; and they became warmly engaged in a discussion, until it seemed to excite considerable feeling among them. In the midst of their debates, Mrs. M'Gregor entered, and exclaimed, "My children, what is the question which so warmly engages your feelings?"

"O, mamma, we are trying to persuade John that he is not too old to go to Sunday school," remarked Ellen.

"Why, does John think he is?" replied the mother.

John held his head down, as he said, "Yes, mamma, I think I have

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been long enough, and should like to quit. Sunday schools are only meant for small boys."

"I am sorry my dear boy has such a mistaken opinion about Sunday schools. But I will not stop to-night to explain the benefit of continuing in them, as we have a topic unfinished. I can only say at present that nothing could cause your father and myself more pain than to have you leave."

"I would not willingly do anything to cause you pain, mamma; only I thought I was getting old enough to quit," said John.

"Who is prepared to relate a story to-night on the subject of truth?" inquired Mrs. M'Gregor.

"I can tell one instance of adhesion to truth in a Roman," said Robert, "which I shall call

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THE ROMAN WHO KEPT HIS WORD.

"The Romans were on a certain occasion defeated by their rivals, the Carthaginians. Among the many noble persons who fell as prisoners into the hands of the victors was Regulus, the Roman general.

"Wishing for peace, the Carthaginians sent ambassadors to Rome. Regulus was sent with them, under a solemn promise to return again if he did not succeed in procuring peace.

"When he arrived at Rome, he refused to enter the city, though pressed to do so by his wife and children, as well as by the senate. It was the custom of the Romans to receive strangers without the gates, and he said that, being a slave of the Cartha-

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ginians, he was no longer a Roman citizen.

"The senators then assembled in the suburbs. Regulus delivered his message. His countrymen solicited his advice. He told them to continue the war.

"The Romans resolved to follow his advice, but besought him not to return to his enemies, who would certainly destroy him for counseling against them. His family plead with him. The priests told him that he was under no obligation to keep a promise exacted from him as that was. But Regulus was immovable. He had given them his word, and not to return would be dishonorable. He knew that tortures awaited him: 'But,' said he, 'it is my duty to return, and the gods will take care of the rest.'

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"He returned to Carthage. There his enemies, instead of honoring him for his noble adherence to what he thought right, determined to destroy him in the most cruel manner.

"They accordingly covered him with honey, and exposed him naked to the heat of the sun and the stinging of the bees. They then placed him in a box filled with spikes, which they rolled down a hill, until, in excruciating torments, he expired."

"How contemptible the Carthaginians appear in that revengeful act! It seems to me that the noble conduct of Regulus would have moved them to admiration if they had possessed the generosity of men," said John.

"Yes; and at what a sacrifice he kept his word!" remarked Robert. "Really I think there are but few pro-

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fessors of Christianity who would not prove less faithful to truth than that noble-minded heathen."

"My story," said Ellen, "is called

THE DUKE AND THE TREATY.

"Many years ago, when the duke of Burgundy was in his glory, his counselors were discussing the propriety of attacking a neighboring state, with whom they were then at peace. All his cabinet were in favor of violating the treaty, and marching an army into their territory. The duke patiently listened to their debate, but when they turned to him for his opinion, he rose with great dignity, and exclaiming, 'Gentlemen, there is a treaty!' broke up the meeting."

"That was noble indeed!" said

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John. "I guess there have been but few dukes so conscientious as the duke of Burgundy. I will now tell my story, which I shall call

THE BOY AND THE BROKEN WINDOW.

"A boy was one day walking through the street of a large town, when he saw a broken tea-cup in the road. Feeling idly disposed, he picked it up, and began to toss it into the air, and to catch it again as it fell down. By and by, he happened to throw it into the window of a large boarding-school. Seeing his disaster, he immediately ran away, and slipped into a carpenter's shop, supposing he should escape pursuit or punishment.

"It happened that another boy was walking on the side-walk at the time of the accident. The teacher, sup-

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posing him to be the culprit, seized him by the shoulder, charging him with the act of breaking the window. 'I did not do it, sir,' said he.

"'You had better not lie, my boy, but tell the truth about it at once,' replied the teacher.

"'I do not lie, sir,' responded the lad firmly; 'I repeat it, sir, I did not break your window.'

"'You are a very hardened boy, I fear,' said the teacher; 'but come, let me take you to your father, for he must put a new square of glass in the place of the one you have broken. What is your father's name?'

"'My father's name, sir, is Edward Cole, the builder. He will take my word, if you will not.'

"'We shall see about that presently.' Then dragging the lad along by

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the collar, he proceeded toward the residence of Mr. Cole.

"They had not walked far before they were stopped by a storekeeper, who kept very near the academy, and who said to the teacher, 'What are you doing with that boy?'

"'I am taking him to his father for breaking my window.'

"'Are you sure he did it, sir?' asked the merchant.

"'Quite sure!' responded the teacher, who was somewhat hasty in his temper, as he hurried his prisoner along.

"When he reached Mr. Cole's house, he repeated the charge before the boy's father. That gentleman heard him through, and then turning to his son, said, 'My son, did you break this person's window?'

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"'No, father, I did not,' said the boy.

"'How impudent!' exclaimed the teacher. He would have added more, but the father stopped him by saying, 'Sir! my boy has never yet told a lie, to my knowledge, and I do not believe he has done it now.'

"'If, father, you will step into Mr. Cavendish's store near the academy, I think he can tell you something about the window; for he stopped this gentleman just now, and spoke as if he knew who did the thing I am charged with.'

"The whole party then called on Mr. Cavendish, who, it appeared, had seen the real offender, and who testified to the innocency of young Master Cole. Thus did his well-known character for truth save him from suspi-

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cion on the part of his friends, though so strongly charged."

"That is a very interesting story, Master Robert. It shows how boldly a truth-telling child can lift up his head. Had that boy been guilty only *once* in his life of telling a lie, the charge of the teacher would have gained credit, and the lad have fallen under unjust censure. Learn, then, my dear children, as you value the favor of God, the love and confidence of your friends, and a good character, to pay a strict and unceasing regard to truth."

THE END.

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THE

COTTAGE ON THE MOOR:

OR,

THE EVILS OF PRIDE.

BY A METHODIST PREACHER.

REVISED BY THE EDITOR,
D. P. KIDDER.

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PREFACE.

THE mental, and especially the moral, culture of children is vastly more important than the training of an army, or the government of a nation. However efficiently the latter things are done, public tranquillity and public liberty cannot be permanent if the former be neglected. Vicious and ignorant children produce idle, dissipated men, who become either the tumultuous instruments of aspiring demagogues, or the submissive vassals of haughty tyrants. Intelligence and virtue, therefore, are the only

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safeguards of a nation's peace and liberty.

Children should also be viewed as the possessors of an undying nature. He who imparts a moral sentiment to a child, performs an act which, in its effects, will never cease. As the motion imparted by a stone to the waves spreads without limit to the mass of waters beyond, so that act sets in motion a train of volitions and emotions which will keep up their influence through the measureless ages of being which that child is destined to suffer or enjoy.

How sublime, then, is the work of education; especially the education of the heart! Who that truly loves his country can neglect it? Who that

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loves humanity can refrain from doing his part in the great work? If the MASTER, in giving his last instructions to his old companions, selected Peter—the energetic, zealous, generous-hearted Peter—for the work of "feeding his lambs," shall any of his disciples deem the task beneath their powers?

A firm belief in these truths has induced the writer to compose the following pages. They are sent forth with an earnest prayer that the Great Head of the church may sanctify them to the benefit of the rising generation, both in our beloved Zion and in the community at large.

THE AUTHOR.

New-York, 1845.

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THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE chimes in the old gray tower of St. Thomas's church were sending forth their merry peals to announce to the good people of Portsmouth that the hour of noon had arrived. Just as these cheerful notes filled the air, some fifty boys were seen issuing from a venerable pile of buildings in Penny-street. They were the scholars of the Portsmouth grammar-school—a public institution founded by the munificence of a certain William Smith, and under the patronage of the English Episcopal Church.

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The boys ran off in different directions, or walked slowly in groups of five or six. Among the latter was a boy about twelve years of age, dressed differently from his companions. They all wore jackets or coats, but he had on a linen pinafore, white as the driven snow. Now a pinafore is in fact as good as a jacket; but, being unlike all the other boys, the wearer seemed to attract considerable notice from the others. It made him appear odd, and being in general an undress or indoor garment among the more respectable classes of society, it was regarded by his schoolmates as a mark of poverty.

I have said that Albert Holmes, for that was his name, was walking with a group of five or six other boys. They were very earnestly engaged

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in conversation. Albert, who had listened to the others in silence for several minutes, at length ventured to deny a statement made by a stout, red-faced boy of his own age, whose name was Robert Owen.

This contradiction roused the anger of Robert, who was a rude, passionate lad; so he gave Albert a push on the breast, and said, "Get out with you! What do you know about it, Mr. Pinafore?"

Upon this the other boys set up a laugh, and cried out, "Poor Pinafore, how should he know? Pinafore boys are poor, and don't know anything!"

This was all wrong; it was very idle conduct. Had Albert meekly borne the insult, and passed on, he would have acted the part of a Christian boy. But he was not a Christian

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boy; he was a proud child, possessed of very angry passions. It is not therefore surprising that he flew into a fierce fit of anger; the blood rushed into his cheeks, the fire flashed from his eyes, a scowl gathered upon his brow, and with closed fists he stepped up to young Owen, exclaiming, "Don't push me again, sir, or I'll let you know who you are pushing."

Owen was a desperate boy, and not easily daunted. Placing one hand upon Albert's shoulder, to keep him at bay, he replied, "Poor Pinafore is mad, is he? Keep cool, Albert, my little fellow, and don't be too spunky!"

The boys set up a hearty laugh at this impudent talk, and some of them, to increase his passion, patted Albert on the back, and said, "Keep cool, Pinafore! Keep cool, Pinafore!"

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This was too much for the boy to endure, and he struck Owen a severe blow in the face. "A fight! a fight!" exclaimed the boys. A ring was formed; the lads, who were still in sight, gathered round, and preparations were made for a regular battle between these two misguided boys.

There is no spectacle more sad than to see children fighting. How painful to look at them with their faces swollen with passion! But the worst of all is, such conduct is wicked. The great God says, "Little children, love one another." When they fight or quarrel, therefore, they displease him, and expose their precious souls to eternal death.

Albert and Robert would have fought a long time probably, for they were both very spirited lads. But

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just as they were beginning the wicked work, a venerable old man, passing that way, stepped between them, and said, "Boys, it is wicked to fight." He then gave them some good counsel, and bade them go home on pain of being reported to their teacher.

Albert then walked home. He crossed a long bridge leading from the town across a deep moat to a neighboring common or moor. About half a mile from the bridge, on the skirts of the moor, stood a small one-story cottage, thatched with straw, and almost covered with honeysuckles, woodbines, and ivies. A little garden patch ornamented the front. This was the cottage where Albert lived, and a beautiful cottage it was, though of very humble appearance.

The little boy looked sad and

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thoughtful as he entered the door. Throwing his cap on the table, he sat down upon a chair, and fixed his eyes on the floor. His mother saw that something was wrong. With great kindness she approached him, and said, "What is the matter, Albert?"

"I don't want to wear this pinafore any more," answered the boy, sharply.

"Why not, my son? Is it not clean, neat, and comfortable?" replied Mrs. Holmes.

"Yes, mother, but the boys laugh at me."

"That is very unpleasant; but you know, my child, that they are wicked for doing so; and your dear father is too poor to dress you otherwise on week days. He is obliged to deny himself many comforts to pay for your

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books, and other things necessary to keep you at school."

"Well, I don't want to go there any more!" said Albert, pettishly.

"I am sorry," replied Mrs. Holmes, "to see my little boy so out of humor to-day. I am afraid your heart is proud, and that makes you feel sore whenever your dress is alluded to. The boys see that, and, knowing how to make you cross, they delight in doing so whenever their idle minds set them to hunt mischief. If you should take no notice of their taunts they would soon grow weary of repeating them, and you would be free from trouble about your pinafore."

Albert made no reply; but sat in the same discontented mood for some time. While he remained in this unhappy frame of mind, his sister came bound-

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ing into the room, flushed with excitement. Her name was Catharine. "Mother," cried she, "I must have a pair of gaiter boots!"

"Why, are your shoes worn out, Catharine?"

"No, mother, but there is Miss Price at my school, who has a beautiful pair. She told me my father was too poor to buy me such boots, and I told her my father was as rich as hers, and would get me a pair. So you must buy me some, mother, or Miss Price will laugh at me to-morrow."

"I am sorry, Catharine, to have you an object for others to sport at; but I do not think it proper to buy you any gaiter boots at present. You need not feel ashamed of your shoes, for they are good and neat, and your

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schoolmate has more to be ashamed of for laughing at you, than you have for not having different shoes. My little girl must have more courage."

"But, mother, my shoes *are* thick, clumsy things. I don't want to wear them to school any more," replied Catharine.

"Ah, my dear child, I see where this little trouble springs from. Your heart is very proud, and causes you a great deal of trouble. If you were more humble you would escape most of the unpleasant feelings which torment your breast. Proud children are always miserable."

Here Mrs. Holmes was interrupted by the arrival of her husband, who entered his cottage home with a face as cheerful as a clear morning in May. Dinner being ready, they all

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sat down, and, for the present, no more was said about either pinafores or gaiter boots.

Perhaps the reader will enter with more interest upon the affairs of the occupants of the cottage on the moor, if he is told that the family had once been in better circumstances. Mr. Holmes had formerly owned a fine farm, but misfortunes, losses, and bad debtors had reduced him to a state of comparative poverty. This was hard for the children to endure. They missed many of their former comforts and indulgences; and being exceedingly proud, their poverty cost them many unhappy feelings. This was foolish as well as wicked; but as they had not been renewed by the power of the Holy Spirit, they only experienced the fruits of that wick-

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edness of nature which cleaves to every child that comes into the world.

CHAPTER II.

COULD children see how hateful a proud heart appears in the eyes of the Lord, they would take more pains to subdue those feelings which they now often indulge. O how terrible are his sayings about the proud! Here is one of them: "Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord." Now, what child can wish to be "*an abomination*" to Him who gave his only-begotten Son to die for his soul? Surely the proud child will feel afraid to be so any longer!

Mrs. Holmes was greatly afflicted

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to see her two children so unhappy. The afternoon was a sad season to her. She thought of her little boy's trouble about his pinafore, and Catharine's grief about her shoes, until she wept. She did not weep because she could not buy them what they wanted; but because she saw that their hearts were wicked. Then, in her sorrow, she fell upon her knees, and prayed that God would give her wisdom to guide her little ones into the fear of the Lord. When she arose from her knees she felt more calm. He who answers prayer had comforted her with the assurance of heavenly wisdom to aid her in her task.

That evening her children returned from school as discontented as ever. Neither of them had forgotten the

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affair of the morning. After tea, she took them into her chamber to talk with them about the evil of indulging in proud feelings. "Well, I can't help it," said Albert; "if I could be dressed as well as other boys, I wouldn't care. But I can't and I wont wear this vulgar pinafore, I'll play truant first!"

These last remarks were spoken with much passion. His mother soothingly replied: "Hush, my son! You are adding one offense to another. Let me reason with you. You know your father is not able to buy you expensive clothes at present. He has been unfortunate, and will you be ungrateful to him for what he does for you? Handsome clothes do not make people good, happy, or beloved. Many persons, who are fond to dress very

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shabbily, are peaceful and happy; while the proud, whether poor or rich, are wretched."

"But, mother," said Catharine, who had not given up the hope of procuring the gaiter boots, "you know it is very unpleasant to have other children laugh at us because by our dress we appear poorer than they."

"True, my child, it is disagreeable, and shows how disgusting is the nature of pride. It makes your companions take pleasure in causing pain to your feelings. But which is the best way, think you, to bear it patiently, as Jesus Christ bore the proud insults of the Jewish priests and Roman soldiers, or to suffer it to fill you with ill-temper and sour feeling?"

"It's very easy for you to talk, mamma, about bearing it patiently,

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but it is not a very easy matter for us," remarked Albert.

"If your hearts were truly humble, if you were to pray for strength to the Saviour, if you were to think of your duty, you would find yourselves able to take my advice. If you would think how disgusting pride makes its possessor appear, you would begin to dread the suspicion of being proud. Let me ask your opinion of a little girl I once saw.

"I was sitting at the window a few years ago, on the morning of Good Friday. There was to be a meeting of the Sunday-school children that morning. Many of them had passed through the street with cheerful, merry faces, whose brightness seemed to say, 'We are happy.'

"At last there passed a girl about

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ten years old, dressed in white, with a long colored ribbon flowing from her waist, and several bows on her hat, and two long ribbons hanging from her hair behind. She walked with a mincing step, and her head tossing boldly about; and often did she turn round with a flirty air toward the passer-by, with a glance which seemed to say, 'Don't I look pretty?' Now, my children, what do you think of that little girl's conduct?"

"She was very silly. Did not every one laugh at her?" replied Catharine.

"I saw several persons smile; for my own part, I pitied her. I cannot laugh at such wicked, foolish pride. Yet it is just such girls and boys who make sport of you, my children, about your shoes and pinafore! Do you

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not feel ashamed at feeling so bad because *such* children laugh at you!"

Albert and Catharine were silent. They saw the truth and force of their mother's remarks. Perceiving that she had made some impression upon them, Mrs. Holmes proposed this question, "Did any of the most quiet and serious scholars join in the laugh against you, my children?"

"No, mother," said Albert, "neither young Naylor, nor Parsingham, nor Palmer, nor any of our best boys ever trouble me. I never thought of it before, but now I remember that it is only a few very idle boys. I will try not to feel so bad hereafter."

Catharine made a similar promise. Their mother then imprinted a kiss of love upon their cheeks, and with a purpose to resist evil in their young

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breasts, they felt happier than they had been for a long time. Children always enjoy such pleasant feelings when their minds are bent on doing what is pleasing to God.

Their pleasure was greatly increased by the following story, which their kind mother then told them.

"Alexander, the king of Macedon, had a successor named Demetrius, who was extremely proud. Filled with a conceit of his own greatness, and hoping to secure the reverence and awe due rather to a divine than a human being, he clothed his person in the most rich and even fantastic manner.

"He wore a double diadem on his head. His robes were of the richest materials, adorned with the most costly gems. He even caused his artists

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to commence a mantle upon which the sun, moon, and stars were to be embroidered in gold. This mantle, however, he did not live to wear, it being unfinished at the time of his death.

"Not only did Demetrius manifest his pride by his gaudy apparel, but, as with all other proud persons, by the haughtiness of his manners. Those who applied to him on the business of his kingdom, he treated with rudeness and contempt. On one occasion, the Athenians sent some ambassadors to his court, and he kept them waiting two years before he gave them an audience; vainly supposing that they would be led by such treatment to conceive the most lofty notions concerning his dignity.

"But his most foolish act of pride

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took place one day when he came out of his palace wearing an unusually condescending air. Encouraged by his appearance, several of his subjects approached and presented their petitions. He received them with much apparent kindness, and placed them in a fold of his robe. Then, crossing a bridge on the river Axius, he scornfully threw the petitions into the stream!

"As might be expected, instead of loving and respecting such a king, the people hated him. Every day increased their dislike, and at last they rebelled, and drove him from his throne.

"Thus his pride defeated its own object. Instead of making him great, it rendered him contemptible, and caused his ruin. What happened to

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him will also fall to the lot of all the proud; for God hath said that 'pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.'"

Albert and Catharine listened to this story with deep attention. They thanked their mother for her wise counsel; and, after kneeling down with her to pray for grace to keep their purposes, they sought their comfortable little beds, where they soon forgot their troubles in a sound and dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER III.

It was the fifth day of November, and that is a great day with the children in old England. They call it "Guy Fawkes' Day," in commemoration of a deep-laid plot of the Catho-

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lics to destroy King James I. and his parliament, by blowing up the parliament-house with gunpowder. The day is called after Guy Fawkes, a Spaniard, who was to set fire to the train, and who was arrested in the vault beneath the house the night previous to the intended destruction.

I have said this was a great day in old England. They make effigies which they call "old Guy," and go round in parties to their friends soliciting money, by saying, "Please remember old Guy!" With the money they purchase fire-works, and in the evening the whole country is lighted up with bonfires, and the air filled with rockets, serpents, blue-lights, and crackers.

On one of these anniversaries the boys of the [redacted]smouth grammar-

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school were limited to a half holyday. Accordingly, in the morning they gathered together in the school-room as usual some half an hour before school time. Albert Holmes was present with the rest. The master sat at his desk mending pens for the writing classes. A group of boys, perhaps twenty in number, had gathered round the spacious fire-place, which blazed with a cheerful coal fire.

Several of the boys had brought an assortment of fire-works in their pockets, and various little exchanges of squibs, &c., for marbles, pictures, or tops, had taken place. Albert had taken his seat, but looked very thoughtful. He was indulging a temptation which had stolen into his mind.

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Notwithstanding his mother's instructions, and his own promises, he had not forgotten the insults described in our first chapter, and his wounded pride resolved on revenge.

This was wrong, and, had Albert been a Christian, he would have resisted all such feelings. As it was, he yielded to the tempter. Let us follow him through his plan of revenge.

Approaching young Owen, who looked disposed to renew the old quarrel, Albert disarmed him by a smile, and by saying, "Bill, what do you say to a little fun this morning?"

"What fun do you mean, Pinafore?" replied Owen, sarcastically.

"Come, drop all that nonsense about pinafores," said Albert, biting his lip in an e[illegible]or to conceal his

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rising anger; "let us be friends, and I'll put you in a way of having as fine a piece of sport as you ever had in your life."

"Well, I'm willing. Tell me your plan."

"Just look at the boys round the fire. What fine fun it would be to put a serpent into the grate! O how they would scatter!"

"A good idea," cried Owen, his wicked heart readily entering into the scheme; "but where shall we get the serpent?"

"Edward Plaistow has one. He will give it to you in a moment for that purpose."

"I'll try him at any rate;" and away went Owen in search of Plaistow and the serpent.

"Plaistow, look [redacted] what do you

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say to giving me your serpent to put in the fire? How it would make those fellows fly who are crowded into a heap round the hearth!"

"Yes, but master is at his desk, and we shall get it nicely if he finds us out."

"Poh! trust to me for that. Give me the serpent; I'll take care of master."

Plaistow yielded, and gave Owen the squib or serpent. The latter then walked boldly toward the fire, and having edged himself inside of the group, he suddenly pointed to a window, and asked, "What's that?"

In a moment every eye was directed to the window. At the same instant, he dropped the missile into the fire, and, laughing loudly, retreated. The boys were just in the act of scold-

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ing him for making them look toward the window, when hiss! hiss! hiss! hiss! bang! went the serpent. Boy rolled over boy, seats were thrown down, loud cries were uttered by some who were frightened, and the whole school was in confusion. The master jumped up from his desk, exclaiming, "What does this mean? Boys, to your seats! To your seats, I say!"

Every lad ran to his place except one, who stood crying, "O dear! O dear!" with his hands covering his forehead. He had been struck by the squib; but, on examination by the teacher, it appeared he was not much hurt.

The master now called on the scholars for the name of the guilty boy. Owen was immediately charged by two or three; and he, finding it

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useless to deny, laid the blame on Plaistow and Albert.

The consequence was that they were all three called out for examination. Albert stoutly denied either placing the serpent in the fire, or having any fire-works in his possession. By this plea he escaped punishment, while Owen and Plaistow, having a direct participation in the affair, were severely whipped. That Albert deserved it, even more than they, is very certain; but, for once, his cunning saved him, though it did not and could not save him from the anger of Him who knew all about the part he took in this piece of school-boy folly. God saw it all, and wrote down Albert's guilt in his book, as well as that of his schoolmates.

The afternoon being a half holyday,

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Albert and Catharine were at home. Scarcely was dinner over before Albert and his sister were closely engaged in conversation. He was telling her of his success in getting his enemies into trouble in the morning, and closed his narrative by saying, "So you see, Catharine, I paid young Owen well for making fun of my pinafore!"

This remark was overheard by Mrs. Holmes. She approached the children, and, sitting down on a chair, called them to her side. A few questions put her in possession of the operations of the morning, and also of the scene described in the first chapter.

The countenance of their good mother grew very sad as she listened to the stories of Albert. She saw

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that her little boy's heart was not only proud but revengeful. She was discouraged, too, because it was evident that her previous instructions had not produced the effect she had fondly hoped they would. But remembering that it requires perseverance to win children to piety, she put up a silent prayer to God for heavenly wisdom, and resolved to persist in her efforts to conquer the pride of her beloved children.

The children saw that their mother felt sorrowful. They had an affection for her, notwithstanding their occasional waywardness; and the sight of her grief made them feel bad and look at each other as though mutually conscious of having wicked feelings.

After a pause of a few minutes, Mrs. Holmes rose from her seat, walk-

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ed to the book-case, and took down the old family Bible. Then seating herself by the table, she called her children, and bade them sit on each side of her. The Bible was then opened at a place in the Old Testament which was ornamented with a picture of a man hanging by his head in the boughs of a large tree. "Do you know whom this picture is intended to represent, my children?" inquired she.

"Absalom, the son of David, hanging in a tree, mother," replied they in a breath.

"Do you remember what brought him to this painful and shameful end?" continued Mrs. Holmes.

"Yes," said Catharine. "He raised an army to conquer his father; but Joab, David's general, defeated him.

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He rode away upon a mule, and was carried under a tree, where his long hair caught in the branches; the mule ran from under him, and Joab, finding him there, killed him with darts."

"You are correct, my daughter, so far as you have gone; but I want to show you that it was Absalom's proud heart which brought him to destruction. You know, perhaps, that Absalom was very beautiful in his person. He had long, silken hair, a very handsome face, and a finely-formed body. These things caused the people to admire him. His father David also indulged a strong love for his beautiful boy; most likely he was in some measure blind to his son's faults, and failed to correct his errors.

"The consequence was, that Absa-

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lom grew very proud. He courted the admiration of the people, built himself a splendid pillar, which was called Absalom's Pillar, and often sat in the gate of the city to display his beauty, and listen to the flattery of the inhabitants as they crowded to behold and honor him.

"Now, it is not likely that this prince at first had any worse feeling than the simple gratification of his proud soul. It was pleasant to his ears to listen to the voice of praise. But, as in all cases of sinful indulgence, he was led on beyond his own original purposes. His pride increased dayly, until he forgot all other claims and duties in the clamors of his heart for self-gratification and personal greatness. He forgot even his noble father David—the minstrel

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king; forgot how much he owed to that royal father's indulgent love, and, led on by the voice of pride, he stole the hearts of the Jews by his persuasions, retired to Hebron, and lifted up a banner of defiance against his kingly parent. Yea, he sent forth his armies, and then proceeded himself to seek his father's destruction!"

"O how base!" said Albert; and Catharine exclaimed, "What shameful conduct!"

"Yes, his conduct was both base and shameful. I am glad, my children, you see it to be so, because I have some hope of saving you from the same feelings which possessed the heart of this unhappy young man."

"Save us, mother! Why, we have no wish to hurt either you or father!" exclaimed the children, with surprise.

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"Very true, you may not. Yet you have the same disposition in your hearts which led Absalom to rebellion—I mean his pride. Already it has made my son reckless and cruel. Did he not persuade his schoolmate to put a dangerous missile into the fire, when he knew it might blind some of the boys assembled before the grate, and all for the sake of gratifying his wounded pride? And have not both of you filled my heart, and your father's too, with pain, by your complaints and ill-temper about your clothes? So you see that you both possess proud hearts, and who can say you will not, by and by, be guilty of sins as dark as Absalom's, and fall by a destruction as terrible as his? Remember what I told you of God's saying that "pride goeth before

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destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall!"

Albert looked ashamed; Catharine held down her head. They were both convinced of their danger, and were silent; but they were not yet fully humbled for their sin. Mrs. Holmes broke the silence by saying to her son, "I have something to request of you, Albert; it will be painful for you to perform, I know, but still it is necessary for your own safety that it be done. My request is, that you make a full acknowledgment to your teacher to-morrow of the part you took in the affair of this morning; and that you apologize to young Owen for leading him astray."

This was asking the hardest duty of Albert he had ever been required to perform. As he still held down

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his head, Mrs. Holmes told him she would give him until the evening to decide, and that in the mean time he and his sister were at liberty to spend the afternoon on the common.

CHAPTER IV.

In the afternoon the weather was thick and foggy. This made our little friends feel very dull and spiritless. The remembrance of their faults, too, kept them sad, and they wandered across the common among the furze-bushes, and down to the sea-shore, without enjoying themselves at all. Their thoughts were as gloomy as the weather. Albert, especially, looked like a picture of wo. His young breast was torn

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with a contention between his pride and his sense of duty. The latter clearly taught him that his mother's requirements ought to be obeyed, but the former revolted at the idea of the mortification which that obedience would cost him. The poor boy hardly knew what to do with himself.

Albert was learning, what all must learn who allow themselves to do wrong—that sin is a hard master. However pleasant sin appears when it comes tempting the young offender, it always carries a whip of scorpions. Albert was now suffering the strokes of this whip. He had gratified his evil passions, and now his conscience was busy and tormented. Every child who imitates Albert's sin may depend upon it that he will suffer Albert's punishment.

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At last the evening arrived, and the family at the cottage were all gathered round the fire. It was not, however, with that sweet cheerfulness and innocent joy which on former occasions had marked their countenances. They all looked serious, and even sad. For some time they sat in perfect silence. At last Mrs. Holmes called Albert to her side, and related to her husband what had passed in respect to him.

"Well, my son," said Mr. Holmes, "can you so far conquer yourself as to make the confession your mother has required of you?"

"I don't know, pa," replied the boy, coldly.

"Do you not think it is proper that you should make it, my son?" continued Mr. Holmes.

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"Yes, sir; but it is so hard to do, I am afraid I can't," answered Albert, in a softened tone.

"I know it is painful to a proud heart to confess a wrong; but will it not be more so to lose the respect of your teacher, and to be hated by the boys you have injured?"

"But, father," said Albert, "my teacher does not *know* what I said to Owen, and I have as much reason to hate those boys for what they have done to me, as they have for what I have done to them."

"Ah, my dear boy, your reply only convinces me of the unsubdued wickedness of your heart. What if your teacher does not know? Are you less guilty on that account? And do you suppose that, because these boys have injured you, you are justified in doing

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wrong to them? No, my son! God has seen all your misconduct, and he admits of no excuses. You cannot undo the past, and the only remedy in your power now, is to make an acknowledgment to those you have injured, and then, by repentance toward Almighty God, seek the forgiveness of your sins."

Albert's heart had been filling up all the afternoon, and now the tide of feeling flowed over. A flood of tears broke from his eyes, and leaning his head upon his mother's breast, he wept out his agonized feelings, and, with broken words, promised to make the required acknowledgments.

This was a great victory. For a little boy or girl to conquer a proud heart is a greater conquest than for a general to win a kingdom. Albert

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had no sooner formed the resolution than his feelings became more tranquil, and, gradually drying his tears, he was able once more to look with restored confidence into the faces of his parents.

Just at that moment a rap was heard at the door. Mr. Holmes said, "Come in," and a poor neighbor appeared before them in great distress. She came to inform them that a woman who occupied a little hovel near by was at the point of death, and to request Mr. and Mrs. Holmes to step in and witness her last agonies. As it was yet quite early in the evening, Mr. Holmes proposed to his wife to take the children with them, observing that a death-bed scene might be of essential benefit to them in their present state of mind.

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Accordingly, they rose up from before their cheerful fire, and, taking their hats, coats, and shawls, willingly proceeded on their errand of mercy to the cottage of the dying woman.

During their brief walk, Mr. Holmes told the children that Mrs. West, the sick woman, had endured many miseries in her life-time. She had been very tenderly brought up, he said, and had married with the best of prospects. But her husband, who was then a gentleman and a scholar, had since become a drunkard, had squandered all his property, and left her with poverty and a broken heart.

Arriving at the door, they softly lifted the latch and entered the comfortless room. Its bare walls were dimly lighted with a rush light; a

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pine table and two or three broken chairs composed its wretched furniture. They stepped softly across the floor toward the other room, which contained the patient. Her hard breathing was distinctly heard; and just as they reached the door they saw and heard what made them pause to look and listen.

Mrs. West had only one child, a daughter about seven years old, named Susan. This little girl had been to a neighboring sabbath school, and her teacher had often noted her sweet seriousness of spirit. The Holmes family now saw her climbing up upon her dying mother's bed, and heard her, in a voice of almost angelic sweetness, say, "Mother, are you prepared to die?"

The woman replied, in a low

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tone of grief, "I don't know, my child."

"Are you willing to die, dear mother?" continued the girl.

"No!" was the painful, but emphatic reply.

"O, mother, wont you pray to Jesus to make you fit to die? He will hear you, mother! O wont you pray to Jesus, mother?"

The dying woman was silent. The child went on: "O, mother, can't you say you are willing to die?"

Again the departing woman, choked with emotion, whispered the terrible "No!"

Big tears rolled fast down the flushed cheeks of the little girl. Her young heart heaved with unutterable sorrow, and once more she exclaimed, "O! do! dear mother, say that you

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are willing to die. O do say so! Mother, do say so!"

At this moment Mrs. Holmes approached the bed-side, hoping to aid the little girl in her efforts to direct the dying woman to Jesus. But it was too late. The thread of life was already spun; she looked up languidly in the face of her visitor, sighed deeply, and died!

It was an affecting scene. Poor Susan could not be consoled, and it was some time before they could persuade her to go to her straw pallet, and seek the rest she needed in sleep. The children were very solemnly affected, and the family returned home in silence, after doing what lay in their power to assist the attendants and neighbors in the house of death.

When they reached their cottage,

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they sat down again before the fire; and, after Mr. Holmes had made some suitable remarks, he knelt down with his family, and prayed that God would save his dear children from dying the death of the wicked; after which Albert and Catharine were sent to their beds, with much better feelings than they had possessed in the afternoon.

The next morning found Albert in the same state of resolution to do right. To say he had no struggles of mind would be to deny the truth. It is always hard work to confess an error, and many were the temptations of Albert's mind as he crossed the common to go to school. The scene of the past night was however continually before him, and aided him very much in keeping his good resolutions.

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He arrived at school before the teacher entered. So he went to his residence, which was near by, and asked permission to see him. Poor Albert's heart almost failed him as he stood at the door; but when he was ushered into the study, his legs seemed ready to let him sink. He shook like a leaf in the wind. When the master entered, he endeavored to shake off his fears, and, with tears in his eyes, he began: "I have come, sir, to confess a fault of which I am guilty."

The teacher looked surprised, but said nothing. Albert continued:

"It was I, sir, who was to blame yesterday about the squib which was thrown into the fire."

The teacher looked sternly at him, and said, "Is it possible that you,

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Master Albert, could be guilty of a positive lie? You yesterday denied having anything to do with that affair, and now you confess it!"

"I was very wicked, sir; but I did not tell a positive lie. I denied either having a squib or putting one into the fire. That was true, sir; but I persuaded Owen to do it. For that I am very sorry, and hope you will forgive me."

"You did very wrong, certainly, Master Albert, but I admire your courage in making this confession; and in consideration of this voluntary acknowledgment, I freely forgive you on one condition."

"What is that, sir?" said Albert.

"That you offer an apology to young Owen for the part you acted in that affair."

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"I have already made up my mind, sir, to do that, and intend to do it before school begins."

"Noble boy!" exclaimed the teacher. Never did Albert feel more pleasure than in that moment, as his teacher warmly pressed his hand, and bade him hereafter be careful to avoid the necessity of making confessions by not falling into temptation.

Albert then retired from his teacher's study, and sought young Owen. He found him in the school-yard in no very good humor. He approached him, however, and, extending his hand, said:

"Owen, I feel that I wronged you yesterday, in persuading you to put that squib into the fire. I am sorry I did so, and hope you will forgive me, and let us be friends again."

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Owen at first refused to grasp his extended hand, but the boys exclaimed, "Bravo, Albert! Take his hand, Owen!" and such like phrases; and then he sullenly extended his hand, and the bell ringing, they hurried to the school-room, and took their seats.

At the recess of the school that morning one of the boys set up the old cry of "Pinafore" at Albert. He felt his temper rising, but thinking of his resolution, he resisted the temptation to anger, and paid no attention to the foolish boy who insulted him. He observed, too, that none of the boys joined in the shout as they had formerly done. This encouraged him to maintain his calmness. The boy, seeing him so quiet, soon grew ashamed of crying "Pinafore," and directed his attention to something

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else. Albert also stepped up to his former enemy, the thoughtless young Owen, and gave him the largest part of a fine apple, very much to his astonishment.

"What did you do that for?" said a playmate; "Owen was always your enemy, and you have given him almost all your apple."

"Because I wish to be kind to him, and perhaps he will learn to love me. I am resolved to treat all the boys kindly, and especially those who are the most unkind to me, because you know the Bible says we must 'overcome evil with good.'"

Albert went home that day with a light and joyous heart. As he ran gayly over the common, he could not help saying to himself, "How very, *very* happy I do feel!"

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Albert had no more trouble about his pinafore. He had gained a victory over himself; his companions, finding they could obtain no *fun*, as they called it, by calling him names, ceased their insults altogether, and even his former enemies sought his company, and regarded his opinions. He found, as all others will, that an humble boy is more respected than a proud one, or, as the Holy Bible says, "Before honor is humility."

CHAPTER V.

THE cold, blustering winter had passed away; the bright sun and warm showers of spring had covered the earth with green, the trees with leaves, and the beautiful hawthorn

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hedges with white, scented blossoms. Nothing of any special importance had occurred during the winter to our young friends at the cottage. Albert had kept his resolutions, and was fast acquiring a character for humility and good behavior. Catharine had been guilty of several little faults, and her mother had been taking great pains to teach her how to govern her spirit, and to be a good girl. An event happened, however, which showed that she had not been so successful as with Albert.

Not far from the cottage occupied by Mr. Holmes stood a massive stone fabric on the sea-shore, called South Sea-Castle. It presented a grim and forbidding wall, against whose base the sea beat with unceasing war. It was occupied by a garrison of sol-

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diers, and the wife of one of the officers was a distant relative of Mrs. Holmes. This lady, whose name was Padwick, sent an invitation to Catharine to spend an afternoon at the castle with her children and a small party of juvenile visitors.

Catharine felt delighted at the idea of visiting the castle. She talked about it continually, and was impatient for the day to arrive. At last it came. It being somewhat chilly, owing to the prevalence of a north-east wind, Mrs. Holmes wisely required her to wear her thick shoes, and a warm woolen frock. Now, Catharine had flattered herself a great deal on the fine appearance she should make in a pair of thin shoes, and a new silk frock. When her mother told her she must wear her

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merino dress, she put on a very angry countenance, and, with pouting lips, exclaimed:

"It's always the way you serve me, mother! You never let me look well. Who wants to wear a mean merino frock to a party!"

"Catharine!" said Mrs. Holmes, "you grieve me by exhibiting such pride and ill-temper. Don't you know it is wrong for you to indulge in these dispositions? You not only grieve me, but you disobey God, by such displays of wicked feeling. I hope you will try to conquer yourself, and follow the directions of your mother without complaining."

Catharine bit her lips, but said nothing. She was inwardly forming the wicked resolution to wear the

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silk frock, if possible, whether her mother consented or not.

In forming this purpose, she did what proud children are all liable to, that is, she suffered herself to be led into other and dangerous sins, as the reader will shortly see.

It happened that afternoon, just as Mrs. Holmes was preparing Catharine for her visit that she was sent for to see poor little Susan West, who was then in a dying state. She had not time to see Catharine away, but, after getting her nearly ready, left her with many excellent counsels concerning her behavior. No sooner was her mother's back turned, however, than the naughty child, with the help of a little girl who was waiting to accompany her, changed her frock and hastened away, with her thin shoes and

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silk frock, in direct opposition to her mother's wishes.

Never did a child feel her heart swell larger with vain feelings than Catharine, as she skipped with her companion across the green sward leading to the castle. She looked at her shoes, then at her frock, and then with much self-gratulation strutted along with all the vanity of a peacock. O had she thought of the abhorrence with which the great God viewed her heart, she would have felt less gratified with herself!

But how great was her mortification, on reaching the castle, to hear the lady say, "O, my dear Miss Holmes, how unsuitable is your dress for a ramble on the sea-shore! You should have worn a warmer dress; and I hardly know whether to permit

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you to go with the rest of the party or not."

Catharine begged very hard to go, the lady reluctantly consented, and the children set out on their ramble. It was quite windy, and Catharine shivered and trembled all over with the cold before the party returned to the castle. She did not enjoy the excursion in the least. The reproof of the lady, the remembrance of her disobedience, and the fear of meeting her mother, all weighed down her spirits, and she was the dullest child in the party.

It was almost dark when she returned home. Her mother had already discovered her disobedience by the absence of the silk frock. Most gladly would Catharine have shrunk to her bed unnoticed, for her guilt

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made her feel ashamed to look her mother in the face, but that was impossible; so she took her seat and waited the result.

"So poor little Susan is dead, is she, mamma?" asked Albert.

"Yes, my son, she died this afternoon, while I was in the room. She is gone to a better place than this wicked world," replied Mrs. Holmes.

"Tell us, dear mother, how she died, if you please. I should very much like to know how she met her end," remarked Albert.

"When I reached the house," said Mrs. Holmes, "I found her lying on a mean little bed, looking very thin and very pale. She knew me at once, and looked at me with a most heavenly smile. Taking her bony

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hand in mine, I said, 'Susan, are you very sick?'

"'Yes, ma'am,' said she.

"'Don't you wish to get well, Susan?' I inquired.

"'Yes, I should like to, ma'am.'

"'Do you know what Jesus said about little children?'

"'Yes, ma'am.'

"'What was it, my child?'

"'Suffer little children to come unto me.'

"'Are you afraid to die, Susan?'

"'No, ma'am!'

"She then fell into a dull, sleepy state for some minutes. Waking again, she said, in a faint whisper,

"'Give it to me! Give it to me!'

"I handed her several articles, all of which she refused, until I gave her the little Testament she had re-

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ceived at the sabbath school. Pressing it to her heart, she said, 'Yes!' and then tried to read, but could not see.

"'It is dark, I cannot see,' she said, and then asked me to read a few verses for her, which I did. She listened with apparent pleasure, and soon after fell into a quiet slumber, from which she never awaked in this world; for her soul escaped to the arms of the dear Saviour she loved, and who waited to give her a home with himself."

Albert was much moved by this account of Susan's death. He wept, and could hardly command his feelings enough to be understood, while he replied, "O, mother, I hope I shall die as peacefully as Susan did!"

"We may all die thus," replied

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Mrs. Holmes, "if we live as she did. Though very young, Susan was a good child. She was very attentive to her Sunday school, fond of her Bible, obedient to her departed mother, and, what perhaps was the cause of all the rest of her good behavior, she was very fond of praying to the blessed Jesus. She had a small Testament, and she used to take it to a corner of the room, and, placing it on a chair, hang up an apron, and, then falling upon her knees, read her Testament and pray to her dear Redeemer. This she did every day. No doubt the Lover of little children heard her pray: he gave her his grace, which made her lovely and obedient. All the children loved Susan; her mother loved her excessively before she died; and there is not a neighbor

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but has a good word to say for dear little Susan West. I wish I could say so much of my children."

The guilty Catharine still sat upon her little cricket, without saying a word; but the tears flowed abundantly down her cheeks, and plainly told that her heart was ill at ease. She was expecting a reproof from her mother; but Mrs. Holmes said nothing to her daughter about her sin. Her sad, expressive look, however, told the offending child how deeply her mother was grieved, and filled her heart with more pain than if she had received the severest bodily punishment.

Still more did her heart burn with agony, when her mother knelt between them as usual for evening prayer. With a trembling hand on

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the head of each, a heart choking with overpowering emotions, and tears of maternal love running down her cheeks, she prayed most fervently for her children, and especially for her erring daughter. Could the child have fallen upon her mother's bosom, and have confessed her fault, she would have felt relieved. Several times she felt prompted to do so, but her pride revolted when she would have risen from her seat. Fearful, irresolute, and wretched, she retired to her pillow. Here her sleep forsook her. She tried to say her evening prayer; but the words seemed to choke her; the thought of her guilt tormented her; she could not pray!

In this restless state she tossed about upon her bed, growing more and more sick at heart. Her head

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also pained her severely; a fever had already set in, and she felt very ill. Presently her mother, as was her practice before she retired, went in to look at her children in their room. No sooner did Catharine hear her footsteps than she sprang out of bed, and, falling on her knees, cried out, "O, mother! mother! can you forgive me? I have been very wicked, mother, but I will never do so again. O do, *do* forgive me, or I shall die!"

This was said with so much wild earnestness that Mrs. Holmes was startled. She lifted the beseeching girl into bed again, and kindly assured her of her forgiveness, after enlarging somewhat on the vileness of her conduct. Then stooping to impress an assuring kiss on her brow, she was alarmed by perceiving all the symp-

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toms of fever on Catharine's flushed cheeks, and in her heated breath. She called in her husband. They at once saw the need of medical aid. A physician came. He pronounced her to be in a violent fever, enjoined stillness, and administered the medicine adapted to the disease. Poor Catharine grew worse and worse. Her brain became delirious, the fever raged with extreme violence, and her life was considered to be in great danger.

It was a touching sight to see that mother whom Catharine had so greatly injured by her disobedience, standing beside her bed day after day, and night after night. How tenderly she raised her child's form to place the cooling drink to her parched lips! How softly she wiped her fevered brow, and how patiently she fanned

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her flushed cheek! She watched until her eyes grew weary and her limbs faint with fatigue, and yet she would not yield her place to a stranger while her daughter's life was in danger! Beautiful love! Will Catharine ever grieve that mother again? We shall see.

After many days of doubt, the little girl was pronounced out of danger; but who would have believed that that pale, bony, languid child was the same rosy, bouncing, laughing Catharine who had so often made the cottage ring with her gay and joyous laugh? Sin had greatly changed her, and when she looked at herself in a glass for the first time after her recovery, she could not help calling to mind the saying of the wise man, that "pride goeth before destruc-

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tion, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

There is a lesson in this chapter which it is hoped every child will learn. Catharine's pride was at the bottom of all this affliction. Had she not allowed her pride of dress to control her feelings, she would not have disobeyed her mother; had she not disobeyed, she would have been guarded from the cold which produced the fever. It cost her a great deal to be proud. And Catharine is not alone in this respect. Pride makes thousands wretched: by leading them to buy costly clothing, they get into debt, become dishonest, and are overwhelmed with trouble. What is worse still, they forfeit the favor of God, for God loves no proud persons; he rather regards them afar off, and will not listen

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to their cry. Here is one proof of this truth.

There once lived a prince who was very powerful. His name was Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. God had given his arms great success: his successes had given him vast wealth. With this he had enlarged and beautified Babylon, the capital of his empire. One day he walked upon the terraces of his lofty palace, which overlooked the city, and when he saw its vastness, beauty, and splendor, his soul swelled with pride, and he exclaimed, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of *my* power, and for the honor of *my* majesty?"

Scarcely had these proud words fallen from his lips before God sentenced him to be driven out from

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among men, and to eat grass like a beast! In an hour he was seen in the fields eating grass like an ox. Men shunned him then, and he was left to herd with oxen until his hair became like the feathers of an eagle, and his nails like the claws of a bird.

God did this to show the world how much he dislikes pride, and to warn all proud men and proud children, lest they also be visited with his wrath and judgments.

CHAPTER VI.

THERE are very few Sunday-school children who would not shrink with horror at the idea of being cruel to an animal, or at the thought of cutting and maiming their parents. It would be very shocking, they think, for a

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child to imitate that wicked king of Persia, Chosroes, who caused his father to be beaten to death, or the son of Chosroes, who slew all his brothers in the presence of his father, and then cast that prince himself into a dungeon, and had him pricked with arrows until he died.

Well, such things are shocking, very shocking indeed. Children do well to encourage a deep hatred of such actions; but while they do this, they must learn to avoid other acts which are as painful to their parents as pricking their bodies with arrows. All disobedience in a child pricks a parent's *heart*, and causes pain there, and that boy or girl who does this is cruel.

Hence it is, that proud children are always cruel. They do not care how much they pain their friends, they

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will be proud; they will gratify their pride, although they are well aware of the sorrow they occasion to the hearts of their parents. This cruelty is also a mark of ingratitude; it is offering a poor return for the love which is lavished upon them.

Perhaps it will astonish the reader, after what he has read of Catharine's affliction and penitence, to be told she was guilty of cruelty and ingratitude. Yet such was the fact. Through her mother's care she fully recovered from her sickness, and returned to school again. Like most children, she soon forgot both her sickness and her promises, and indulged in the same proud and haughty feelings as before.

The little girl who formerly laughed at Catharine's shoes was still a member of her school, and had the

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same ruling fault as Catharine. They were also in the same class.

Miss Price was not only proud, but envious. Envy is the offspring of pride; and he who indulges one will find himself governed by the other. Now it happened that Catharine stood at the head of the class in geography, and frequently received commendations from her instructress for her industry and good memory. This praise was like vinegar to the teeth in the ears of Miss Price. She could not bear a rival, and Catharine became the object of her envious malice. At first she tried the old argument to mortify her, and taunted her about her dress. But on this point she was not now to be moved. She had learned a hard lesson on that subject, and to all her rival's taunts she only

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replied by saying, "Dress is nothing, Miss Price, provided we are intelligent and good. Don't you know that the great Dr. Franklin once went to France as ambassador, and appeared at court with his Quaker-like dress and blue yarn stockings? The fashionable French gentlemen and ladies stared at him at first, but when they listened to his instructive conversation, and heard his wit, they forgot all about his stockings. And so," said Catharine, "while I appear clean and respectable, I don't care if your clothes are a little better than mine."

This was a very sensible answer, and showed that Catharine had somewhat profited by her experience; still, her *heart* had its pride within, and it only waited for some other opportunity to display itself. This was soon

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afforded through the malice of Miss Price.

That unprincipled child was resolved in some way to mortify Catharine; so, one afternoon, before school was dismissed, she stealthily secreted her Geography and Atlas, hoping by this means to supplant her in the morning. As she hoped, so it turned out. Catharine, not having her books, could not recite her lesson; she lost her place, and Miss Price stood at the head of the class.

This was a hard trial, and it was rendered more so by the sneering manner in which her victorious rival tossed her books into her lap, and said, "Ah! I've beat you now, miss, and you may get above me again if you can!"

This petty insult was more than

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Catharine could bear. It is true she had formed many good resolutions, but they had been made in her own strength, and such resolutions, when attacked by temptation, are like feathers on a rapid stream. It is no wonder, therefore, that Catharine allowed her temper to rise. She looked angrily at her rival, and then set her mind to the evil task of inventing some method of revenge.

How much more lovely would Catharine have appeared if she had borne this rudeness with the meekness of the gospel! Just compare her, dear young reader, as she sits in a fit of angry passion, studying revenge, with a pious minister who lived two hundred years ago. His name was Deering. He one day sat at dinner with a large party, where a

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wicked young man swore very profanely. Mr. Deering reproved him in a very affectionate manner; but the young man grew enraged at his rebuke, and threw a glass of wine in his face. The minister quietly wiped his face, and continued his dinner. The young man again used profane language, and Mr. Deering again reproved him. Again did the incensed youth discharge the contents of his glass in the reprover's face, and he, with quiet meekness, only wiped it away without saying a word. The wicked youth could not endure this display of Christian humility. He fell upon his knees and begged pardon of Mr. Deering before the whole company.

Which does the reader admire most, Mr. Deering or Catharine?

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Without doubt the verdict is in favor of the former, and especially will it be so when the result of Catharine's revenge is seen.

When a child begins to meditate on the means of doing wrong to another, he is always successful in finding out some plan or other. The reason of this success is, that Satan is always present to aid him in the vile study. Hence Catharine soon adopted a mode of revenge.

The class to which she belonged had their seats arranged near the wall of the room. This wall contained pegs for their book and work bags. Opposite to them was a writing desk. From this desk Catharine secretly took an ink-stand, which in a favorable moment she deposited in Miss Price's work-bag.

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This was malice indeed—another dark fruit from the root of the pride she nourished in her heart! Poor Catharine! it was hard for her to learn the lessons of meekness and humility.

At noon Miss Price went to her bag, and lo! her books and work were covered with ink. With a loud outcry she proclaimed the injury, and, conscious of having incensed her rival, charged her with the fault.

Here was an unlooked-for difficulty. When Catharine placed the ink-stand in the bag she thought of nothing but her revenge. She had made no preparation to meet the consequences.

But this is the way with all sinners. If they would only study the consequences of sin, they would no more offend God than they would leap into a furnace of fire.

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Not being prepared for the charge, and her pride shrinking at the thought of a confession, she flatly denied it, and hurried out of school. Here was another sin. But thus do sins always multiply, when once they get opportunity to take root in the human heart.

Mrs. Holmes saw that Catharine was excited and troubled. Her flushed face and flashing eyes told plainly that something was wrong. "What is the matter, Catharine?" inquired she, kindly.

"Nothing, mother!" replied the little girl, while a flush of conscious guilt mounted her cheeks as if to contradict her tongue.

Mrs. Holmes sighed, but said nothing. Catharine's manner convinced her that her child was in the wrong about something; but she thought it

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best to wait lest she should condemn her too hastily.

In the afternoon the instructress undertook to search out the offender. Catharine still denied; for her pride would not allow her to confess, especially after her previous denials. Had she not committed herself so strongly, she might, upon reflection, have done so; but to do it now, and be mortified before the whole school, was too bad, the tempter said, and she could not endure it.

"Be sure your sin will find you out," is a Bible maxim. Catharine experienced the truth of this divine saying; for a little girl, who had seen her in the act of placing the inkstand in the bag, now came forward and told what she had done. Her mortification was complete. Deny the

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charge she could not, and she stood before the whole school as a spectacle of guilt and shame.

The teacher then gave her a very impressive address, in which she exposed the enormity of her sin, and concluded by telling her that she should send a note to her mother, informing her of the whole matter, as she preferred to allow her parents to inflict what punishment they might think best.

The note was written, and sent immediately to Mrs. Holmes. That good woman was greatly distressed when she read its contents. The sad tidings of her daughter's guilt went like an arrow to her heart. She could scarcely credit the truth of its statements. That Catharine—for whom she had done so much, for whom

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she had suffered so much in body and mind—should be guilty of revenge and lying, seemed impossible! Yet there was the note. It must be even so: Catharine was guilty.

It is impossible to describe the feelings of this devoted mother in words. The discovery of so much depravity in Catharine, after all she had done to make her a good child, overwhelmed her spirit with a distress which none but mothers feel. With the open note of the schoolmistress in her hand, she hastened to her chamber, and, kneeling down, poured forth the sorrows of her anguished heart in prayers and tears before her heavenly Father.

Was it not cruel and unlovely in Catharine to allow herself to be the cause of so much distress to such an

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affectionate mother? Does not her sin show the hateful and blinding character of pride? Truly, if that little girl had stopped to think, she would never have been guilty of the acts which brought disgrace upon herself, and sorrow upon her mother. But pride, like all sin, is very deceitful.

But there is another view of Catharine's conduct more alarming still. It was sin against Almighty God; it brought his anger upon her, and exposed her to the loss of everlasting life! And for what did Catharine expose herself to this terrible consequence? What did she get for bringing the contempt of her schoolmates and the wrath of God upon herself? She only gratified the wicked pride of her heart—a gratification which

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brought her no real pleasure. Was not Catharine a foolish child? She was; and let the reader remember that all sin is foolish.

When the school was dismissed, the guilty girl walked slowly and sullenly home by herself. All the scholars shunned her as a naughty girl, whose friendship was to be avoided rather than sought. She saw this aversion, and felt it too. It added to her misery. A burden of fearful weight rested upon her heart; and the thought of meeting her mother was the most painful of all.

At last she reached her quiet cottage home. Everything around it was very beautiful. Flowers blossomed in the garden, filling the air with delicious fragrance. The green ivy and honeysuckle climbed up the

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cottage wall, giving it a most inviting aspect. But these natural beauties were all shrouded with gloom to Catharine. She was unhappy. Guilt rested on her heart, and she *felt* that awful truth which says, "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

With a trembling hand she opened the door. Her head hung down with shame, for she dared not encounter the soft glance of her mother's eye; so she crept into a corner of the room and sat down in silence.

Presently Albert and his father entered the house. They were made acquainted with Catharine's guilt. Mr. Holmes was as much grieved as his wife, and Albert was also very much afflicted. Yet they used no harshness toward the young offender. They looked at her with eyes of love,

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and when they spoke it was in words of tenderness, although of faithful reproof.

It was very plain from Catharine's manner that she was deeply humbled. She had been overtaken in a great fault, growing out of a long-indulged habit of pride and vanity. That habit had its origin in the depravity of her heart; and before it could be conquered, her heart needed to be brought under the influence and power of the Holy Ghost.

The parents saw these truths, and had long labored to lead their children to Jesus. Of Albert they had indulged strong hopes since the death of little Susan; but Catharine was still in the "gall of bitterness," and under the "bonds of iniquity." Her last fall discouraged and grieved

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them; yet they wisely resolved to continue their efforts for her salvation.

Very serious were the appeals they made to her that evening. They showed her the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the misery of sinners in this world and in the next. They also told her of the ingratitude of sin, in view of what the Lord Jesus Christ has done for the salvation of the world. These instructions touched the heart of the weeping child; she acknowledged her sinfulness, and earnestly besought the forgiveness of her parents. "Yes," said Mrs. Holmes, "we can freely forgive you; but you must also seek the pardon of Him whose law you have broken, and whose anger you have provoked."

They all kneeled down at the close

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of the conversation after tea, and both the father and mother earnestly prayed for the pardon of their dear sinful child; and before Catharine laid her head upon her pillow, she also besought the blessed Saviour for his pardoning love. When she rose from her knees, her heart felt greatly comforted, and she inwardly resolved to be more watchful and careful of her conduct in future. This resolution was made in the hope of being aided by the strength of Christ. Whether she kept it or not will be seen hereafter.

CHAPTER VII.

"WHICH do you think is the loveliest character, my children," asked

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Mr. Holmes, "a proud person, or one who is truly meek and humble?"

This question was asked at the close of the next day. Catharine had been subjected to two species of punishment. She had been required to acknowledge her fault to Miss Price, and then she had been locked up all day in her chamber. This did not make her cross, for she knew it was intended for her benefit, and she was now trying to get a perfect victory over her heart.

She therefore replied to her father's question by saying, with a blush, "I think, sir, the humble child is most lovely, and I am praying the Saviour to make me humble."

"And I think so, too, father," added Albert; "I know we are most *happy*, too, when our hearts are humbled. I

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felt it to-day," and here his eye kindled with feeling; "for as I walked toward the bridge this morning, a boy cried out, 'Youngster, you have dropped your handkerchief.'

"I looked down to see where it was, and the boy set up a loud laugh, and cried out, 'What a ninny that fellow is!'

"At first I felt disposed to be angry; my pride tried to make me feel vexed, and answer him harshly; but I thought of my resolution to be good, and then said in my heart, 'Dear Saviour, help me to be humble;' and O how happy I felt as I walked quietly on without saying a word to that idle boy. It seemed to me that Jesus smiled, and said, 'Good boy!' and I would not give those feelings for all I ever felt when I used

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to get angry, and indulge my pride."

"You are right, my son. Pride is an uneasy passion; it makes its possessor uncomfortable. It makes him vexed at neglects or insults; envious of those who have more than he has; unthankful for the blessings he possesses; dissatisfied with his condition, and displeased with everybody. He thinks so much of himself that he is never satisfied with the respect paid him by others. The result is, that he is despised by men and abominated by God. How can such a person be happy? Impossible!"

"Yes," added Mrs. Holmes; "and not only is pride a source of misery; it is also one of the most foolish of sins. What has a man or child to be proud of? Absolutely nothing; be-

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cause no man has anything of his own. Our bodies and souls belong to God. Our goods and possessions are his also. We are liable to leave everything in a moment by death. Why then should we be proud? Now some children are proud of their pretty faces. If they would remember that these faces are only clay, and will in a few years be devoured by worms, they would feel their pride checked. A man once went to view the tomb of the mighty Julius Cesar, the renowned conqueror of Pompey, and the emperor of Rome. He found the flesh moldered to a dark, damp, ashy substance, the bones falling to pieces, a loathsome toad in the mouth, and hundreds of worms feasting themselves in the empty eye-sockets. You cry, 'Poor

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corpse!' yet just so loathsome will the little girl soon become who is to-day so proud of her pretty face. Is it not a foolish feeling?"

"More foolish still, in my opinion," said Mr. Holmes, "are those children who feel proud of their clothes; who think themselves very great because they wear a showy frock, or a piece of gaudy ribbon. Now, if showy apparel is a source of greatness, then the peacock, the butterfly, and the zebra are the greatest creatures in the world; for who are more gaudily clad than they?"

"I read a story the other day," said Albert, "which made me think of the foolishness of pride. It was about a man, who lived very many years ago, named Menecrates, a physician. He grew so proud that he fancied himself

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to be the god Jupiter. He wrote a letter to King Philip of Macedon, which he commenced with these words, 'Menecrates Jupiter, to Philip, greeting.'

"The king, in reply, addressed him with the words, 'Philip to Menecrates, health and reason.' He also invited him to an entertainment. Here he seated the would-be god at a separate table, on which only incense and perfumes were placed; while the other guests were feasted with the choicest dainties. Menecrates at first felt almost overcome with joy at finding himself treated as a god; but when he felt the claims of hunger, he grew tired of the character of Jupiter with his table of incense, and abruptly left the apartment."

"He was a foolish man," observed

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Mr. Holmes, " but not really more so than proud people in general. Every proud person does in reality aspire to the honors which belong to God. He asks that praise for himself which of right belongs to his Creator. This is very clearly shown in the case of Herod, related in the Acts of the Apostles. The people, struck with the splendor of his apparel, the magnificence of his circumstances, the grace of his oratory, and being anxious for his favor, cried out, 'It is the voice of a God, and not of a man.' Herod, instead of rebuking such extravagant flattery, proudly and majestically towered in his greatness before them, and would fain have persuaded himself that it was even so. But that God who despises the pride of weak mortals, instantly smote him

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with an incurable disease, so that he shortly after died in a most miserable manner."

"I was much struck the other day," remarked Mrs. Holmes, "with the *selfishness* of the proud, and the sacrifice of self in the really humble, while listening to a truly beautiful fact.

"There were three children, members of one family, named Edward, Edgar, and Caroline. They were one day very joyously amusing themselves at play, when their father entered the room, and playfully said to them, 'Now, children, suppose I should give to each of you the sum of five thousand dollars, what would you do with it? What would you do with yours, Edward?'

"'I would buy a splendid carriage

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and two span of horses, and ride about like a gentleman,' said Edward.

"'Well, what would you do with yours, Edgar, suppose I were to give you five thousand dollars?'

"'Why, sir, I would buy a fine house and a farm, and would live a right merry life,' replied Edgar

"Then turning to little Caroline, who had been listening very attentively, he asked her what *she* would do with the money. 'O,' said the dear child, 'Jesus has loved me, and died for me; and I would buy a crown and lay it at the feet of Jesus!'

"It is very easy to see how selfish the pride of Edward and Edgar made them. They would spend their money for themselves, and for what would make them appear great before men. But Caroline forgot her own gratifi-

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cation: in her humility she saw she owed all to her Saviour, and to him she was willing to offer all. I hope my children will have Caroline's spirit."

"Will you please to tell me, mother, what is the meaning of the word humility?" asked Catharine.

"Humility," said Mrs. Holmes, "signifies a state of mind the opposite of pride. While the proud person thinks more highly of himself than he ought to think, the humble one holds himself in low estimation. He is not, therefore, haughty before men; and in the presence of God he feels himself altogether unworthy."

"Is there any difference, father, between a meek and an humble man?" inquired Albert.

"There is a slight difference, my

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son, in the meaning of the two terms, though it is scarcely possible to possess the one quality without the other. Humility has respect rather to a man's views of himself, while meekness has to do with his conduct toward his fellow-creatures. Meekness supposes mildness of temper, quiet submission to insults, and gentleness of disposition. Your Saviour, standing in Pilate's hall, crowned with thorns, and robed, in mockery, with a purple dress, spit upon, buffeted, and insulted by his enemies, without offering a look or word of resentment, affords the most striking example of meekness in the history of the world."

"Yes; and his followers may learn of him to walk in the same quiet path, if they desire," added Mrs. Holmes. "Among the many proofs

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of this, furnished in history, is the case of Turenne, once marshal of France. A foolish young nobleman fancied himself injured by the marshal. He challenged him to fight, but the noble-minded general treated the challenge with silent contempt.

"One day, as he was walking in the public street, the irritated young nobleman met him and deliberately spat in his face!

"What an insult for the greatest general in Europe to receive! How could it be endured? For a moment it seemed impossible, and the pride of his spirit sent a rush of indignant blood to his face, and directed his hand to the hilt of his sword. But in the true dignity of a noble mind, he recollected himself, and wiping the spittle from his face, said:

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"'Young man, could I wipe your blood from my conscience with as much ease as I can your spittle from my face, I would take your life on the spot! Go, sir!'

"This was meekness indeed. It shows what we *can* all do if we seek the help of Him who is the Prince of meekness. Even children can learn to endure the sorest trials from their young associates in the most amiable and quiet manner."

"Do you think, dear mother, that I can ever have such meekness?" inquired Catharine, blushing at the recollection of her past character.

"O yes, my child! The Saviour is no respecter of persons. He loves all alike, and waits to do alike for all who seek him. Only give him your heart, my child, by true repentance

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and hearty faith, and he will give you power to become his child. Many children have found him precious to their souls, and I hope soon to see you one of his own dear children."

"I will try, mother, to give him my heart, though I feel ashamed to offer it to him, and almost afraid he will not accept it, it is so naughty, so wicked, and so proud."

"It is for just such, my dearest Catharine, that he spilt his blood. It matters not to him how bad the heart, he can make it all his own. His love is very great, and passeth all knowledge."

Much other instruction did this fond mother impart to her anxious and really serious daughter; and when they separated for the night, she followed those instructions with her

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prayers and tears at the throne of heavenly grace.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM this evening a great change was manifest in the spirit and actions of Catharine. Her mother's prayers, with her own, had been answered. Her sins were pardoned. Her heart was changed, and she was a very happy child.

She was not without her trials, however. Her schoolmates did not soon forget the scene and circumstances of her mortification; especially, that child with a very bad heart, Miss Price. "Ah!" said she to Catharine one morning as the children left the school-room, "you are

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the girl that put the inkstand into my bag! I wouldn't be so mean."

Miss Price supposed that Catharine would be very angry at this remark. But she prayed in her heart for patience, and then meekly replied, "Yes, I was very wicked to do that; but I will try and be very kind to you hereafter."

Just then Miss Price stumbled against a stone, and fell down. Instead of laughing, as she would once have done, Catharine hurried to the spot, and, helping her to rise, kindly inquired if she was hurt.

"What is that to you?" replied the ill-tempered child.

"I meant no offense, my dear Miss Price," answered Catharine; "I hope your fall has not injured you."

The girl looked at her as if she felt

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surprised at the kindness of her former rival; and then ran off by herself. She could not understand the meaning of the change she witnessed in Catharine's temper.

The change in our little friend was not a partial one: it extended to all her conduct. Her *heart* was made right, and of course everything else was right also. She no longer disobeyed her mother by displays of ill-temper, passion, or pride, but cheerfully submitted to her instructions.

After her conversion she was one day invited to a small party of young persons by a friend of the family. That friend was in much better circumstances than Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, and the children were always dressed better than Catharine. On former occasions she had felt very anxious

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to wear her very best clothing, and had complained because she had nothing better. But this time she left it all to her mother's choice. "Mother," said she, "which dress shall I wear?"

"It is pleasant to-day, Catharine. You may wear your white frock."

Now Catharine had one silk frock, which she had formerly felt quite proud to wear, especially on such occasions. Had she still allowed her pride to rule her, she would have complained bitterly for being desired to wear any other. But now there was a cheerful submission in her face and heart. She was willing to wear either. So she prepared to go out, singing, as she busied herself about the work of preparation, some verses of a most beautiful hymn. Here are two of them:—

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"Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me:
O that in my whole behavior
He my pattern still may be!

"All my nature is unholy,
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and holy,
And was never known to sin."

Her feelings at this party were very different, too, from those which tortured her when on her visit to the castle, dressed in the forbidden frock. She was cheerful and happy, and, on her return, said to her brother, "O! Albert, you don't know how happy I feel!"

"Yes I do, sister Catharine," replied he. "You feel the joy which springs from doing right. So do I; and I would not fall into my former sinful ways again for a great deal. Then I was always miserable; but now I always have peace."

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"You know, my children," remarked Mrs. Holmes, who was present, "that sin, and especially your besetting sin, pride, always disappoints its possessors. They think there is pleasure in it, but they reap destruction. Have you never observed this truth in the life of Haman, the enemy of Mordecai? He had wealth, honor, and the favor of the king. But his proud heart was made absolutely more wretched than that of the poorest beggar in Persia, simply because *one man*, Mordecai, would not do him reverence!"

"Poor man! how he was to be pitied for his weakness!" said Albert. "Why could he not be content with the reverence of the thousands who were ready to fawn at his feet?"

"It is the nature of pride to be

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unsatisfied. It always sees something it cannot reach. In its desire to reach that, it refuses to partake of what it has in possession. It even risks all it has to secure that one thing. So it was with Haman. To get rid of Mordecai, he attempted an act which cost him not only his possessions, but his life. In laboring to procure that good man's ruin, you remember that he secured his own, and perished on the gallows which he had made for his unoffending victim. His pride made him cruel, revengeful, and desperate; and finally it procured his destruction. What a warning is his fate to all the proud! How grateful should you feel, my children, to Him who has taken away your proud hearts, and who is making you like himself! But you must be guarded against tempta-

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tion. You may fall back into your former habits, if you are not watchful; and your last end may be worse than the beginning."

The children both expressed a hope that they might continue to walk in the paths of humility and meekness. Their mother encouraged them to persevere, and to labor to reach the better land, where pride, sorrow, and sin are all unknown.

Before I close these pages I wish to address a word to the bright-eyed boy or girl who has read my stories about Albert and Catharine. Perhaps, dear child, you have a proud, unconverted heart. You are, in consequence, very unhappy. You are always in trouble of mind; resenting supposed injuries; quarreling with your schoolmates, your brothers and

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sisters; disobeying your parents; and doing many other things which bring grief into your own heart, and also afflict your friends.

If this is true of you, you have seen your picture drawn in the preceding chapters of this little book. You need not look any further for the Albert or Catharine of my story. You are the very child, guilty of their faults, and suffering the same misery as they did.

Well, if you feel this to be true also, I now want to persuade you to imitate their repentance, as you have done their sins. Why will you hug such an enemy to your bosom as pride? You would not press a fiery, poisonous serpent to your bosom. No, you would cast it away in a moment! Why then will you keep pride there,

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when you know it is sure to bring you to destruction?

Now, it is of no use for you to try to humble your pride by your own efforts; or to labor against pride while your other sins remain to trouble you. You must bring your heart, with *all* its sins, and lay it down, just as it is, at the feet of Jesus Christ. He will take it, and make it all new. He will wash it in his own most precious blood, and then it will be a good heart.

Surely, dear child, you are ready to do this. You can but feel sorry for your sin and pride, when you think of the great mercy of the Saviour in dying to put away your sin. And you need not say you are too young to pray or to believe. Little children are invited to Jesus, and many of them have found him very pre-

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cious. Go, then, dear young reader, boy or girl, go and kneel down. Jesus will hear every word you say. Tell him you are proud, wicked, rebellious; that you are sorry you are so; that you want to be good. Ask him to forgive your sins, and make your bad heart into a good one. He will hear your request in that very moment. You must expect him to answer you by taking away your sorrow, and making your heart feel glad. And he will do it, as he did for Albert and Catharine. May he of his love lead you by the right hand of his strength to his everlasting kingdom!

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